The Countess of Besborough del. J. Mitan sculp.

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MINOR MORALS

INTERSPERSED WITH SKETCHES OF

NATURAL HISTORY,

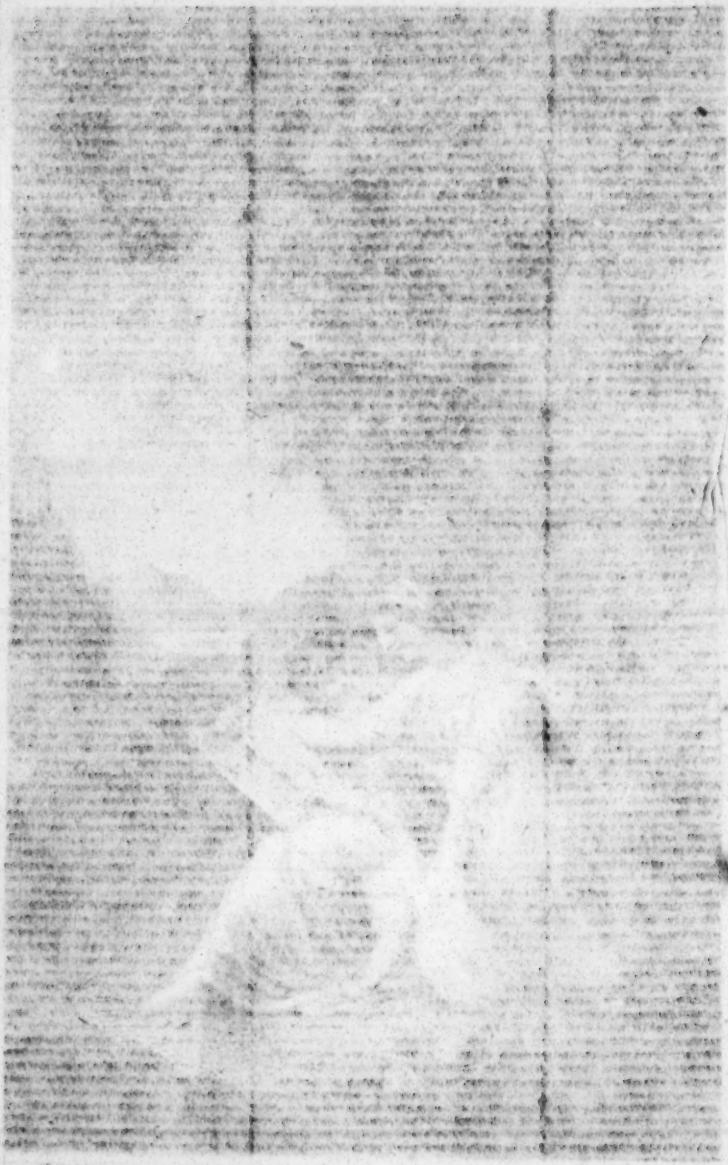
HISTORICAL ANECDOTES,

AND

ORIGINAL STORIES.

BY

CHARLOTTE SMITH.



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BY

CHARLOTTE SMITH,

AUTHOR OF RURAL WALKS AND RAMBLES FARTHER.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

Lady Caroline Ponſonby.

MADAM,

THE flattering opinion expreſſed by Lady Beſborough of a former work of this ſort, (for the two laſt volumes of which I was permitted to ſolicit the peculiar favour of Lady Georgiana Cavendiſh), and the beautiful drawing from which the plate is engraved, being a kindneſs, among many others, that I owe to your mother, theſe little volumes ſeem to have a particular claim to your protection.

Should they be found not wholly unworthy of that advantage, and capable of affording you either information or amuſement, it will be highly gratifying to,

Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's

Moſt obliged and faithful ſervant,

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

LONDON,
June, 1798.

MINOR

MINOR MORALS,

AND

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

SOPHIA, Fanny, Mary, and Louiſa Harland were left to the care of their Aunt, Mrs. Belmour, their mother's ſiſter, when the eldeſt was twelve, the ſecond eleven, the third nine, and the youngeſt ſeven years old.

Lionel and Julius, their brothers, reſided alſo occaſionally with them

during the holidays, and in ſummer they were ſometimes allowed to go to their father's ſeat in the country; but Mrs. Belmour, in undertaking the charge of her four nieces, had ſtipulated to have them wholly with her. Their father was a man immerſed in purſuits and pleaſures of his own, and was not unwilling to have any trouble that related to the education of his daughters taken off his hands.

During the lingering illneſs of their mother, Sophy had been placed at ſchool; but her Aunt had reſolved to finiſh her education under her own eye with the reſt—not becauſe ſhe had any prejudices againſt ſchools, but becauſe ſhe thought it more prudent to accuſtom Sophy at once to more moderate views of her future life than thoſe ſhe might acquire among young women, ſome of whom had

had titles, and many very large fortunes, but alſo learn to ſuperintend her younger ſiſters, who might one day be almoſt wholly dependent on her care.

Sophy was not inſenſible of the trouble her Aunt undertook for them all, and loved her with great affection; but there were many faults in the manner of her eldeſt niece which Mrs. Belmour wiſhed to correct. She had a coldneſs and indolence about her which appeared like pride: it was very difficult to rouſe her to any exertion, and when ſhe was incited to it, ſhe had no perſeverance; the ſlighteſt difficulty diſcouraged her. And if any of her young friends were reputed to do any thing, among the acquirements expected of them, better than ſhe did, ſuch preference, inſtead of calling forth emulation, only occaſioned

ſioned her to be diſcontented with herſelf. The effect of this was, that fearing ſhe might not attain a ſuperiority, ſhe did very little; and though nothing is more amiable than diffidence in a very young perſon, yet there is a ſpecies of it that, ariſing from falſe pride, is very likely to degenerate into a ſort of ſullen and ſilent envy, and, by embittering the temper, makes whoſoever indulges it uneaſy in themſelves, and diſagreeable to others.

Mrs. Belmour did every thing therefore in her power to counteract this diſpoſition in her elder niece; but there were ſeveral circumſtances that contributed to give an appearance of languor, and occaſionally of diſcontent, to the manners of Sophy.

She could not help regretting the change in her way of life.—Accuſtomed

tomed to a coach, to the half-yearly change from an elegant houſe in town to a large manor-houſe in the country, ſituated in the midſt of a park, where ſhe uſed to hear of nothing but tenants and game-keepers, park-keepers and dependents; ſhe was now reſident the whole year at a pleaſant but ſmall houſe in a village near London, where ſuch an eſtabliſhment as Mrs. Belmour, who kept only three maids and a footman, was but little conſidering among the rich citizens who reſided in the ſame place.

Sophy was no longer looked up to as *Miſs Harland*, a perſon of conſequence. All the young people ſhe aſſociated with now, were of as much, and many of more conſequence than herſelf.

Her Aunt, who, notwithſtanding her endeavours to conceal it, perfectly

fectly underſtood the ſource of her diſcontent, laboured inceſſantly to impreſs on her mind the great and uſeful truth, "that nothing but ſuperior merit is really worthy of reſpect."

"Of what value," would ſhe ſay, "my dear Sophy, is the preference which is given by vulgar minds to outward appearance?—Do you not know that idiotiſm and vice, ſucceſsful profligacy or accidental proſperity, are equally worſhipped by the baſe and intereſted? Thoſe who are ſo deſpicable cannot, it is true, diſtinguiſh *that* merit on which alone a reaſonable mind will value itſelf; but is it by *ſuch* people my Sophy would deſire to be diſtinguiſhed?—You know I conſented the other day to go (becauſe many others did) to viſit the very opulent family who have purchaſed the largeſt houſe in this village. You ſaw that the

the lady, though ſhe did her utmoſt to be what the common people, in ſpeaking of their ſuperiors, call *affable*, was thinking of nothing but the diſplay ſhe made among her new neighbours of her fine and expenſive furniture; and enjoying the idea of exciting the envy of all thoſe who affected ſuch ſort of ſhow: — while her daughter, in the ſame ſpirit of oſtentatious vulgarity, exhibited her *acompliſhments* to thoſe who had, ſhe thought, no means of being inſtructed by maſters of ſuch eminence as ſhe had learned of. It ſeems ſtrange, too, that a perſon who, like her mother, has at leaſt for ſome years been uſed to a carriage, ſhould ſo inceſſantly talk of her coach, her travelling chaiſe, her ſon's curricle, and introduce every moment ſome converſation which lets you know ſhe has

all

all thoſe accommodations. But while ſhe indulges herſelf in this enumeration of the advantages of riches, it is amuſing to obſerve how carefully ſhe avoids mentioning the ſociety ſhe lived among when they were acquired and increaſed. She would not on any account have it ſuppoſed, that this magnificent new purchaſe was made becauſe it is at a convenient diſtance from London for Mr. Griſkin's buſineſs, but dwells on the unfortunate circumſtance of her being unable to live even in the moſt airy parts of the metropolis on account of her health. Every thing, in ſhort, betrays a narrow mind, and all that improper pride which is allied with ſelfiſh meanneſs. Yet you ſee, my Sophy, that more than half this neighbourhood, by which a tolerable eſtimate may be formed of the world in general,

general, crowd round this woman, and apparently pay her a ſort of reſpect, while, in fact, they hate her for being rich, and laugh at her for being oſtentatious. Either ſentiment, however, is unworthy of an enlightened mind and a good heart. For my part, who have nothing of all the things that ſeem to conſtitute Mrs. Griſkin's happineſs, I certainly am as happy as ſhe is. Poverty, and the want of the comforts and conveniences of life, are real evils; but it is no evil to be without ſuperfluities and luxuries. The few really valuable friends who love me, are as glad to viſit me in this ſimple houſe, as when I lived in town in a more expenſive ſtyle. My pleaſure in them conſiſts in my knowing that they eſteem me becauſe they believe me worthy of it. My domeſtic pleaſure is found in do-

ing my duty to my dear girls, and believing, that if their lamented mother was conſcious of their being under my care, ſhe would look with complacency and affection on my attention to them. Of leſſer pleaſures, I have my garden and my library.—Tell me, Sophy, if I ſhould enjoy any of theſe the more for living in a more expenſive ſtyle? for having two or three carriages, and a number of uſeleſs ſervants? Tell me if you think I enjoy them the leſs becauſe the perſon we have been talking of, or thouſands of others, have a great many fineries and luxuries which I have not?"

Sophia. Certainly not, my dear Aunt; but it is not every body whoſe underſtanding makes them indifferent to ſuch things.

Mrs.

Mrs. Belmour. Yet ſurely there is nothing ſo eaſy!—Whoever would learn to eſtimate them at their real value, ſhould not only conſider whether the want of them ought to affect the tranquillity of a rational being, but whether the perſons who poſſeſs theſe luxuries and ſuperfluities are really as happy as an ignorant or ſuperficial obſerver might be tempted to ſuppoſe; and I am ſure, if the queſtion could be fairly examined, that there are more aching hearts borne about in ſplendid carriages than are wrapped in the warm red cloth cloak of the female peaſantry, or in the humble habiliments of women a degree or two above them.

There is an admirable ſentence in "The Rambler" on this ſubject:—"One of the great arts of eſcaping ſuperfluous uneaſineſs is, to free our

minds from the habit of comparing our condition with that of others, on whom the bleſſings of life are more bountifully beſtowed, or with imaginary ſtates of delight and ſecurity, perhaps unattainable by mortals."

Sophia. I am ſure my mamma did not ſeem to be unhappy, or at leaſt only ſometimes, and that, I dare ſay, every body is.

Mrs. Belmour. Alas! Sophy, you knew not half the ſolicitude and ſorrow that preyed on the heart of your mother. Her fortitude, her love for you, and her unwillingneſs to give to your young mind a tincture of gloom, to which perhaps ſhe ſaw you a little too much inclined, all combined to make her aſſume an air of cheerfulneſs; but could you have known what ſhe often felt——The ſubject is unfit for us both—I drop it, and return

return to what we were before talking of.—You ſeemed, I thought, to liſten to the boaſted acquirements of Miſs Griſkin with a ſort of uneaſy doubt, as if you ſuſpected that ſhe could excel you in ornamental accompliſhments. Let us go over the liſt of them, if you pleaſe.

Sophia. She learned to dance of Monſ. Le Sauteur, and ſays that ſhe was one of the firſt ſcholars he always called out, when company came to whom he wiſhed to recommend his manner of teaching.

Mrs. Belmour. I ſhall make no remark on the ſilly vanity of relating all that; but admitting it to be true (which I do not however believe), let me aſk any impartial obſerver of Miſs Griſkin's manners and air, whether the perfection ſhe boaſts of has communicated itſelf to her general appear-

ance. A perſon cannot always dance. The occaſions when a young woman can execute in public, dances which attract attention only to herſelf, are very few; and, were it not for court balls, which Miſs is not *yet* of a rank to attend, would hardly be taught at all. The chief purpoſe, therefore, of learning them is, that a certain grace and eaſe of attitude, a good walk, and unembarraſſed addreſs, may be acquired. Where that effect fails, as it has ſurely done in regard to the young woman we are ſpeaking of, it ſeems to me to be of little value that ſhe can fail in a particular meaſure and manner round a room, and play certain tricks with her feet.

Sophia. But Miſs Griſkin has learned of the firſt piano-forte maſter in London. She plays a great deal better than Miſs Muffinet, who is the beſt

beſt player in Mrs. Backboard's ſchool.

Mrs. Belmour. If, by playing better, you mean in point of execution, ſhe certainly does excel Miſs Muffinet and many others; but ſhe ſeems to me to play ſo entirely mechanically, ſo totally without taſte or feeling, that it gives me no pleaſure: and I do not believe I was ſingular in my opinion; for I obſerved, that, in deſpite of all their complaiſance, half the liſteners yawned, and others talked among themſelves. A mere ſcrambling by certain rules over the keys is not muſic; it is only a noiſe made with a great deal of trouble.

Sophia. But then the harp, which is ſo difficult?

Mrs. Belmour. She played well upon it certainly, as far as execution goes, which perhaps is more difficult

to

to attain on that than on any other inſtrument.

Sophia. I wiſh I could learn on the harp, though I am ſure I ſhall never play as ſhe does.

Mrs. Belmour. I know not why you ſhould think ſo: a very moderate capacity applied reſolutely to any one purpoſe for a neceſſary ſpace of time, will not fail of ſucceeding. At preſent, however, you have not time to attempt this acquiſition: it is better to attend ſteadily to ſuch things as you have already begun to learn.

Sophia (ſighing). Yes, my dear Aunt, but I am ſometimes ſadly diſcouraged; for I know Fanny ſpeaks French better than I do, and writes and underſtands both that and Italian as well.

Mrs. Belmour. And wherefore, Sophia, ſhould that diſcourage you? Take care, my dear girl, that this

wiſh to excel, laudable and proper in itſelf, be not ſuffered to produce that moſt tormenting of all paſſions, envy; —an infirmity of the mind ſo humiliating, ſo bitter to whoever has the misfortune to feel it, that it ſours the temper and pollutes the heart, more, perhaps, than any other feeling.

It has always to me been an objection againſt ſchools, that often the motive of emulation is ſo uſed, as to excite this narrow and diſtaſteful weakneſs; and what is worſe, it is often excited by things contemptible in themſelves, and in which there is no merit in excelling. The balls given once a year to exhibit the young people's progreſs in dancing to the beſt advantage, are, among others, a cauſe of great anxiety and heart-burning; not as to who ſhall do beſt what they have been taught, which would be a commendable

commendable ambition, but who ſhall be moſt faſhionably or fantaſtically dreſſed. What fuſs and buſtle is the ſchool in for weeks before this important epocha! and how many doubts are there in the fluttering heart of Miſs Jackſon, whether Miſs Williams's head-dreſs, or Miſs Sims's muſlin robe, will not be better than her own! — How much ſecrecy to conceal ſome new invention, leſt Miſs Jones or Miſs Browne ſhould imitate it! and how many malignant wiſhes that the mantua-maker may ſpoil Miſs Smith's embroidered lawn dreſs, or that the fine hair of Miſs Atkinſon may be curled unbecomingly! You, my Sophy, are exempt now by your manner of life from feeling any of theſe petty miſeries; and I hope and believe you will acquire that dignity of mind which will ſet you above

all

all ſuch paltry feelings, in a ſuperior line of life. It has always appeared to me, that envy is a proof of ſome internal conſciouſneſs of defect in the perſon who feels it. It is often evidence of our doubting ourſelves, as arrogance, on the other hand, is very frequently a ſign of the ſame conſciouſneſs, which we endeavour to bear out by aſſuming what we well know we have no right to; and by attempting to exact the deference which we ſuſpect will not voluntarily be given us.

There is, you may recollect, a ſtory in the Spectator of Brunetta and Phillis, who, from being playfellows in their infancy, and rivals in finery as they grew older, contrived to torment each other with this ſilly ſpirit of pride and jealouſy, till, I think, one of them, who, when they were both

both married in Barbadoes, had mortified her opponent by exhibiting the fineſt gown (or mantua, as was the term of thoſe days) that ever had been ſeen in the iſland, was ſo hurt by ſeeing her rival appear in a plain black ſilk, attended by a negro girl clad in a jacket of the ſame brocade which the former lady had ſo prided herſelf in excluſively poſſeſſing, that ſhe fled away from her huſband and family, unable to bear the humiliation which ſhe believed the triumph of her rival inflicted upon her. Theſe manners are ſo unlike thoſe of the preſent day, that this little hiſtory probably makes but ſlight impreſſion on young people now. I remember another ſtory on the ſame ſubject, which tells of a Mrs. Dyſon, or ſome ſuch name, who lingered all her life in ſickneſs, and at laſt died in extreme miſery, the

the victim of this wretched weakneſs. I know not where this is related, but I think it is in one of the works of Mrs. Sarah Fielding, a very ingenious woman, and the ſiſter of the celebrated Henry Fielding, whoſe novels you have heard ſo often ſpoken of, though you are not yet of an age when the peruſal of ſuch books is proper for you.

It is impoſſible, without feeling humiliated by the weakneſs of our nature, to read, and know from too many proofs, that two of our late greateſt men were moſt unaccountably ſubject to the paſſion of envy. It is related of Goldſmith, that he felt it in ſo ridiculous an exceſs, that he could never hear any perſon praiſed without teſtifying ill humour and impatience. It was no matter what their eulogium turned upon: he was as an-

gry at liſtening to the exclamation of a lover on the beauty and elegance of a young lady, as at being told of an author whoſe play had ſucceeded, or whoſe Eſſays were in a ſeventh edition. He was not aſhamed of this abſurdity, nor does it appear that he ever took any pains to conquer it.

That the gigantic mind of Johnſon ſhould be vulnerable by ſo degrading a meanneſs ſeems ſtill more extraordinary; yet we have melancholy teſtimony that it was ſo, both from his converſation and his criticiſm. He did not indeed feel any anger becauſe he could not ſpring from the ground like an opera dancer, or ſing like the ſyrens of the ſtage; but literary merit ſeems in too many inſtances to have raiſed his ſpleen. To this may be imputed many of thoſe criticiſms where his judgement was leſs conſulted

ſulted than an invidious wiſh to lower acknowledged merit. In ſo great a man ſuch a weakneſs raiſes at once our wonder and contempt. Yet he was not one of thoſe of whom it can be ſaid that he had no virtue in himſelf, and therefore envied virtue in another; for ſurely a better man, with the exception of this foible, and ſome feebleneſſes of mind, the effects of early prejudices, never lived.

It has been alledged, that he was himſelf conſcious of this mental infirmity, and he certainly has written an excellent Eſſay on it, in the 183d number of the Rambler, in which he ably delineates the train of vices which grow up in its ſhade, when "this ſtubborn weed of the mind" is not repreſſed or rooted out; and he concludes with ſaying, "Almoſt every other crime is practiſed by the help of ſome

quality that might have produced eſteem or love, if it had been well employed; but Envy is mere unmixed and genuine evil: it purſues a hateful end by deſpicable means, and deſires not ſo much its own happineſs as another's miſery."

Look not ſo grave, my dear Sophy; to-morrow we will have ſome gayer converſation, and will finiſh this with a ſentence from Lord Bacon, whoſe Aphoriſms you know I am very fond of.

"Envy," ſays he, "is that of all "the affections which is the moſt im- "portunate and continual; for of "other affections there is occaſion "given but now and then. It was "well ſaid, that Envy has no holidays, "becauſe it ever finds matter to work "upon."

And

And it may be added, that the dark and ſcowling look which the countenances of thoſe aſſume, who have long been in the unhappy habit of yielding to its influence, as if their very look could blaſt the objects of their diſlike, gave riſe to the ideas formerly entertained of the malignant influence of the eyes of the envious; "ſo that it ſeems," ſays Lord Bacon (who lived when ſuch ſuperſtitions were popular), "ſome have been ſo "curious as to note, that the times "when the ſtroke or percuſſion of an "envious eye does moſt hurt, are "particularly when the party envied "is beheld in glory and triumph." In theſe days we have no credulity of this ſort, and the happy, or thoſe who are ſuppoſed to be ſo, may ſafely enjoy themſelves without fearing any injury from "evil eyes." But the

young perſon who ſuffers this odious paſſion to predominate in her mind is in great riſk indeed of acquiring a caſt of countenance ſo diſagreeable and repulſive, that ſhe will never herſelf attract any eyes at all—at leaſt never the eyes of affection and eſteem from any worthy man or woman who ſtudies the expreſſion of the human countenance as indicative of the heart.

DIALOGUE II.

[MARY returning from playing in the Garden with her Siſters—Mrs. BELMOUR at Work.]

Mrs. Belmour.

WELL, my dear Mary! what, quite tired with your play?

Mary. No, Aunt; but I have brought you the ſweeteſt butterfly—its wings are like black velvet, with bright ſpots of crimſon and white.

Mrs. Belmour. Yes; it is one of the moſt beautiful of Engliſh *papilios.*

Mary. Papilios!—What are they?

Mrs. Belmour. I call them ſo not out of affectation, but becauſe it is the name

name from the Latin, by which they are diſtinguiſhed in books that treat of Natural Hiſtory; while what we call moths, the ſpecies of this inſect that flies by night, are called phalænæ. *Papillon*, you know, is the French for butterfly; and moths are called in that language *papillons du ſoir*, the French words being more immediately derived from the Latin than ours. Take care not to hurt the fly you hold: if you have ſatisfied your curioſity, let it go; and do not, by robbing its wings of their feathers, deprive the inſect of the power of enjoying its little ſpace of life.

Mary. I will not hurt it, Aunt; but I ſee no feathers.

Mrs. Belmour. Were you to rub off a little of the down on the wings, which you juſtly compare to black velvet, and were you to place it in a micro-

microſcope, you would ſee that it is compoſed of an infinite number of feathered quills, which are ſo very minute, and put together with ſuch exquiſite contrivance, that the fineſt miniature, the moſt delicate and laboured effect of human art, appears, when compared to the wing of one of theſe inſects, like indiſtinct daubing or coarſe canvaſs.

Mary. If it were not for giving theſe creatures pain, I ſhould like to catch and keep a great many of them. They eat flowers, do they not?

Mrs. Belmour. I muſt give you, I believe, an account of the life and transformation of theſe inſects, which you do not ſeem to underſtand. But would it not be better to make this the ſubject of one of our ſhort lectures on Natural Hiſtory, when we are all together? Go, releaſe your captive,

captive, this beautiful Admirable, for that is the name given to this ſpecies of butterfly; and if your ſiſters are diſpoſed to come in, we will fetch a book, in which is deſcribed the tranſformation of the papilio race. But perhaps your ſiſters are ſo occupied that they will be ſorry to quit their preſent amuſement for another. What are they doing?

Mary. Why, Aunt, Sophia is reading ſome mournful ſtory, I believe, in a book of poetry; for ſhe looks very ſorrowful, and bade me not teaſe her with my butterflies and naſty crawling things. Fanny is gathering flowers, and tying them up in wreaths, and imagining which, if ſhe could make artificial ones like them, would be moſt becoming; and your little Louiſa is digging in what ſhe calls her garden, and ſticking in the earth the flowers

that

that Fanny throws away, ſuppoſing, poor little ſimpleton! that they will grow, though they have no roots to them.

Mrs. Belmour. Nevertheleſs, her employment is as reaſonable as Fanny's. It makes her at leaſt happy for the time; and to-morrow, when her gay flowers are all drooping and withered, ſhe will get more, and be as contented as ever.

Mary. But there is no harm in Fanny's ſchemes for making her own ornaments, is there?

Mrs. Belmour. None in the world, if ſhe does not ſtudy ornament too much; which is a fault I have ſometimes been obliged to reprove her for. Far from thinking her to blame for gathering theſe beautiful productions of nature, flowers, and diſſecting them, with a view to imitate them either with

with the pencil or the ſciſſars (aſſiſted by wire, paper, and ſilk, which may be called the ſculpture of flowers), there is nothing I like better to ſee and to encourage than theſe *minor arts*, which girls readily enough learn, who do not always apply with equal pleaſure or perſeverance to the pen, the book, or the pencil.

As for you, my dear Mary, you know, that when your father propoſed cultivating the talent he thought he perceived you had for drawing, by having maſters attend you at a great expence to teach you to draw figures and landſcapes, I deſired you might, at leaſt for the preſent, decline his intended kindneſs, and that you might learn to draw flowers. For this choice I had many reaſons. To draw figures well (and if they are not done well they are hideous and ridiculous),

culous), many ſtudies muſt be purſued, which are not proper for a young woman, and which require more time than it is poſſible for her to give to them if they were. She muſt ſtudy anatomy, and draw after buſts of the antique—I ſpeak of thoſe who would excel; and methinks to do any thing indifferently is not worth any time or trouble at all. It is certainly a very pleaſing acquirement to be able to take views. For men it is a moſt uſeful art; and where women have any decided talent for it, I would have it aſſiduouſly cultivated. For this purſuit, however, it appeared to me that the ſhortneſs of your ſight diſqualified you; but not ſo for the delineation of plants and flowers. They offer themſelves in millions of different forms, all equally beautiful and curious, in the woods, under the ſhelter of hedge

rows and copſes, on the high downy hills, or the luxurious meadows among the graſs. They clothe the rocks that bound the hollow ways, and ſome ſlightly tapeſtry even the rugged chalk or gravelly cliffs that are waſhed by the ſpray of the ſea. Others float on the ſurface of the river, or bend over the ſtreams among the reeds; while ſome ſpecies cover, with purple bells or golden papilionaceous bloſſoms, the ſtony or ſandy heath; and not a few find nouriſhment among the interſtices of the decayed wall, or on the roof of the cottage. There are hardly any of theſe but what in one or other of their ſpecies are uſeful to man, and either ſupply him with food or with medicine; with colours wherewith he dyes his wool and leather, his cotton and ſilk, or with drugs by which he prepares them for that proceſs. But beſides

beſides the innumerable uſes by which plants are made to form ſo great a part of the neceſſaries and comforts of civilized life, they are themſelves the moſt beautiful objects in nature, and ſeem to have been deſigned as well for the ſolace of the penſive ſolitary, as to ornament in that happy age of youth, which is a little above infancy, the female form and face. We figure to ourſelves with pleaſure, nymphs and dryads crowned with leaves and flowers; and fancy has more delight in dreſſing her viſionary images thus, than in adorning them with all the riches of the earth. Roſes are more ſoothing to the imagination than rubies; a garland of jaſmine, or lilies of the valley, a more intereſting head-dreſs than a diamond tiara; and to learn to trace or imitate their figures ſeems to me to be a means of forming the taſte

of young perſons, and teaching them to unite ornament with ſimplicity.

An author, who, amid many fanciful and ſome erroneous ſtrictures on the ſubject of education, has undoubtedly many excellent thoughts, ſpeaks thus on the ſubject we are talking of:—Come, Mary, tranſlate the following ſentence from Rouſſeau, where he tells us how far he would have his female pupil initiated in the art of drawing, among other more neceſſary parts of education:

" Ces progrès volontaires s'eten-
" dront aiſément juſqu'au deſſein:
" car cet art n'eſt pas indifférent à
" celui de ſe mettre avec goût: mais
" je ne voudrois point qu'on les ap-
" pliquât au payſage, encore moins à
" la figure. Des feuillages, des fruits,
" des fleurs, des draperies, tout ce
" qui peut donner un contour élé-
" gant

" gant aux ajuſtemens; et à faire ſoi-
" meme un patron de broderie, quand
" on n'en trouve pas à ſon gré; cela
" leur ſuffit."

Mrs. Belmour, after Mary has read and tranſlated this ſentence, continues. This degree of ſkill in this ornamental branch of education may ſuffice, where it is probable that the condition of life in which young people are likely to be placed, will call upon them for the continual exertion of duties which would render their future purſuits of leſs neceſſary avocations either inconvenient or blameable: but where the caſe is otherwiſe, and eſpecially where there is a decided talent for this enchanting art, I do not ſee why it ſhould not be cultivated to its greateſt perfection.

The practice of it is a reſource againſt that evil which perſons of

affluent fortune only are ſubject to; for the poor, or thoſe who are ſo little above that ſtate as to earn their own ſubſiſtence, or precide over the neceſſary œconomy of a man who procures the daily bread of his family by the labour of his hands or his head, have no time to ſuffer from it: I mean that wearineſs of life which we have borrowed a Latin and a French phraſe to expreſs, becauſe we have none in our language that conveys the idea—the *tedium vitæ*, or *ennui*, than which a greater evil can hardly be felt.—The young perſon, who, tired of her work, and without any book that may be amuſing or inſtructive at hand, can go into the garden and ſhrubbery, or among the meadows and hedges, and bring back a bouquet of flowers; who can either deſcribe them ſingly with their various parts

(of

(of ſtalks, leaves, calyx, corolla, ſtamen, piſtil, anther and ſtigma, with the pollen or duſt), or who can arrange them in a pleaſing form together, and give her compoſition correctneſs and relief, need never give way to that mawkiſh indolence, that inanity of the mind, which, if indulged, will render her burthenſome to herſelf, and unintereſting to others. But a taſte for the culture of flowers, or for copying the beauties our ſituation may not admit us to raiſe ourſelves, is particularly adapted to women; is ſoothing to their mind, and refines their taſte, while it prevents them from ſuffering from that want of motive to go into the air, and from yielding to that torpid ignorance which hurts alike the body and the mind. Two of our greateſt poets have given delightful deſcriptions of the pleaſures of a garden, and

and appropriated much of its peculiar delight to the female ſex. How beautifully has Milton deſcribed the bower of Eve, and ornamented the paradiſe of the firſt man and woman with flowers—

———" It was a place
Choſen by the Sovereign Planter, when he fram'd
All things to man's delightful uſe; the roof
Of thickeſt covert was inwoven ſhade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either ſide
Acanthus, and each odorous buſhy ſhrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roſes, and jeſſamin
Rear'd high their flouriſh'd heads between and wrought
Moſaic; under foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more coloured than with ſtone
Of coſtlieſt emblem."

And

And Cowper, you recollect, ſays,

" The ſpleen is ſeldom felt where Flora reigns;
The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,
And ſullen ſadneſs, that o'erſhade, diſtort,
And mar the face of beauty, when no cauſe
For ſuch immeaſurable woe appears:
Theſe Flora baniſhes, and gives the fair
Sweet ſmiles, and bloom leſs tranſient than her own."

But here comes Sophia with her book, Fanny with her garlands and noſegays, and the little gardener Louiſa from the labours of her imaginary garden. Well, Sophia, my love, what have you been reading?

Sophia. A ſtory, my dear Aunt, which is in the written book that—

Mrs. Belmour. Manuſcript book you ſhould ſay, to ſpeak properly.

Sophia. In the manuſcript book, then, which my couſin Maria lent me,

me, in which you know ſhe has collected ſeveral hiſtorical anecdotes, and ſtories, in which there appeared any thing remarkable, that have been told her.

Mrs. Belmour. I know the collection is very intereſting, and gives proof of Maria's good taſte. The ſtory you have been reading was, perhaps, of the melancholy caſt; we will, however, hear it, if you will indulge us with it another day: but now Mary wiſhes to hear, and, I truſt, you will all of you like to attend to, my account of the birth and education of a butterfly.

Sophia. Of a butterfly? Dear Aunt, I do not ſee how that can be intereſting to human creatures?

Mrs. Belmour. Every object around us ought to intereſt us as human creatures.—The animals next in rank, perhaps,

perhaps, to man, are quadrupeds. They afford us food by their fleſh and milk. The ſkins of almoſt all give us that uſeful article leather, of which ſhoes, gloves, ſome ſort of clothes, harneſs, and ſo many other things are made. The wool of ſheep ſupplies us with cloth and carpets; with flannel, ſo neceſſary for blankets, and warm cloathing for the infirm and old; with worſted ſtockings, the only wear of the working claſſes of men; and with innumerable other conveniences. The hair of horſes, beſides many other pupoſes that it is applied to, ſuch as ſtuffing furniture and ſaddles, is woven into thoſe coverings for chairs and ſophas that are ſo durable and look like black ſatin. The ſkins of calves and of ſheep, dreſſed in a particular manner, make vellum to draw upon and for binding books,

and

and alſo parchment for the lawyers' deeds. The briſtles of hogs make bruſhes. The ſkins of deer are particularly valuable, as being capable of being dreſſed into the fineſt kind of leather; and the horns of animals are ſerviceable in making combs, the handles of knives, and many other uſeful articles. Dogs' ſkin makes gloves. Cats ſuffer, I believe, very often to line our muffs and ſhoes; and rabbits, beſides that their furs are often applied to the ſame uſe, are very valuable, becauſe hats are now made of their fur.

The colder countries of Europe produce animals whoſe coats are ſtill more coſtly. The ermine, whoſe beautiful white fur and black tail lines the coronets and mantles of our nobles, while their degrees of rank are marked by the number of rows of

of theſe taſſels on their mantles, creep among the ſnows of Siberia, and the north of Ruſſia. There too is the ſable, whoſe fur is ſo dear, that a robe lined with it (which the Turks reckon an article of the firſt neceſſity in their wardrobe) is often valued at a thouſand pounds. Of the fine wool of the Angora goat, a native of the warm regions of the earth, are made thoſe ſhawls which come from India, and which we vainly attempt to imitate by any manufacture here. This is a very ſlight ſketch of the ſerviceable qualities of one claſs of animals to mankind. Birds afford us much excellent food; and the feathers, beſides thoſe of the oſtrich, and ſome others that are very ornamental, fill the beds on which we repoſe. Their utility, therefore, in contributing to the accommodation of man, is very

great; but there are two of thoſe inſects, a tribe which you, Sophia, think too inſignificant for attention, that are alſo very uſeful. Theſe are the bee, that admirable little creature endowed with ſuch extraordinary inſtinct, and which ſupplies us with wax and honey; and the ſilk worm, which is a phalæna or moth, and whoſe exiſtence is attended with the ſame circumſtances as the butterfly. Of the latter, as it may ſerve to give you a general idea of the papilios, we will now ſpeak.

Our firſt acquaintance with this inſect is in the form of a minute egg, ſometimes depoſited on a leaf or a flower, ſometimes on a piece of wood within ſhelter, and ſometimes on the ſtalk of a plant. Theſe, which are each not bigger than a grain of millet, are hatched after five-and-twenty or thirty days by

by the heat of the ſun, and the little worms they produce immediately find the ſuſtenance nature deſigns for them, becauſe the parent fly always depoſits her eggs in a place where this nouriſhment is at hand.

Their growth is then very rapid; and the individual fly which gave riſe to this inquiry of Mary's, and which is called the Admirable, or Atalanta, becomes in about twenty days to his maturity in the caterpillar ſtate, and folds himſelf up by means of his web in the leaf of a nettle. He then begins to prepare for his metamorphoſe, and ſuſpending himſelf on the under part of one of the ſame leaves, is tranſformed into a chryſalis, in which it remains about twenty days; at the end of that time he burſts his ſhell, and comes out the beautiful winged

creature we have ſeen juſt now. Then the inſect is in its ſtate of perfection and happineſs, floating on the perfumed gale of ſummer, and feeding on the honeyed juices of the moſt fragrant vegetables, which it extracts by means of its proboſcis from the nectarium or glands of the flowers, that is, the part we uſually call the honey cup. This period of its beauty and enjoyment of life is but ſhort; for, after twenty days more, the female lays her eggs and dies, and the male retires under the ſhadowy leaves of ſome of thoſe plants by which his food has been afforded, and lingering a few days dies alſo. In the tropical regions, there are flies much bigger, and of more brilliant colours than thoſe of this country. Some are very large, and are ſaid to prey on leſſer inſects,

holding

holding the ſame rank among butterflies as eagles and other carnivorous birds do among birds.

The ſame routine as to the tranſformation, and its progreſs, is exactly obſerved by the phalæna or moth, of which the ſilk worm is a ſpecies: the web which he ſpins to envelope himſelf, while he is paſſing from the ſtate of a caterpillar to the chryſalis, is of a ſtronger texture and more conſiderable in quantity than that of any other inſect. Theſe curious envelopes are called cocoons, and in countries where ſilk is produced the women and girls who attend the buſineſs know exactly the period when the inſect within has concluded his labour; they then throw the cocoon into boiling water, which kills its inhabitant, and enables them to wind the ſilk off

on a ſort of reel invented for that purpoſe.

The proceſs afterwards of dreſſing and dying it for the loom are eaſily imagined; and thus you ſee, Sophy, how a contemptible inſect is not only worthy of the attention of a reaſoning being, but that it contributes to his luxuries and neceſſities. But were it otherwiſe, ſurely the ſpeculation is infinitely amuſing and inſtructive. It teaches us one of the wonderful ways of the great Author of nature, and there is not the humbleſt fern or meaneſt moſs from which we may not derive proofs of his wiſdom.

You know I love a quotation from ſome favourite poet; and as I have been talking to my little Mary of flowers and ſhrubs from Milton and Cowper, we will conclude the life of

our

our butterfly with four lines from Dr. Darwin:

Thus in his ſilken ſepulchre the worm,
Warm'd with new life, unfolds his larva form;
Ere while aloft in wanton circles moves,
And woes on Hymen's wings his velvet loves.

DIALOGUE III.

[Mrs. Belmour, Sophia, Fanny, Mary, and Louisa.]

Mrs. Belmour.

SOPHY, my love, you were reading a ſtory yeſterday which appeared greatly to intereſt you? Let us now hear it.

Sophia. If you pleaſe, Aunt: but, perhaps, it may not intereſt you; and Mary and Louiſa will not care about it.

Mrs. Belmour. You think then that I am too old, and your ſiſters too young; confeſs, was not that your idea?

Sophia. Yes, I own it was.

Mrs.

Mrs. Belmour. Then I am afraid you doubt of the general merit or propriety of your hiſtory. You know I have endeavoured always to impreſs on your mind, what I am myſelf convinced of, that good ſenſe expreſſed in plain and ſimple language, is welcome to every mind of whatever age that is well formed and well inſtructed. L'Ami des Enfans of Berquin, though many parts of it are deſigned merely for very young people, has often given me more pleaſure and amuſement than any of thoſe books written only to amuſe, where impoſſible events are related in inflated language, and where repreſentations of life and manners are ſo falſely given, that they would be more pernicious than they are, were they not ſo abſurd, that only the weakeſt minds, and thoſe which

which are incapable of feeling the beauty of reaſon, can be affected by them. There is another ſet of books written expreſsly for the uſe of young perſons, which I have read with pleaſure and profit, "Evenings at Home," by Mrs. Barbauld. And it is the good ſenſe and nature, as well as the inſtruction which both theſe works contain (differing however extremely from each other), that make them at once pleaſant to me and to younger readers; and the ſimpleſt recital of facts, or fictitious narrative repreſenting real life, is underſtood and felt by every one who has plain ſenſe—even although it may relate to perſons out of their rank of life, or whom they may never have had occaſion to ſee.

Give us, therefore, your ſtory, my Sophia. It will agreeably fill up an interval

interval in this wet morning, when we muſt give up the hopes of a walk.

Eliza and Emma Walters were left at a very early age to the care of Mrs. Bedworth, their grandmother, who had an handſome income, but for her life only, as it afterwards became the property of her ſons; and it was not in her power to diſpoſe of any of it after her death to the children of her daughters.

Theſe little girls, therefore, had only a very ſmall fortune, and their grandmother was not a woman likely to ſave any of her yearly-income for them: for though ſhe was far advanced in life, ſhe loved company, did not chooſe to ſubmit to the inconvenience of doing without a carriage, and

and had card parties and ſupper parties. She had been a beauty in her youth, and had ſtill that lingering love of finery, which weak people who have once prided themſelves on their perſons are very apt to retain at a period of life when ornaments only ſerve to make the devaſtations of time more remarkable.

It was not without ſome reluctance that ſhe conſented to take charge of her two grand-daughters; but her pride would not allow her to let them live with any of their father's relations whom ſhe diſliked. She therefore conſented to receive them; and as her health was ſometimes ſuch as rather checked her conſtant attendance at parties, ſhe inſenſibly became attached to Eliza, who was named after her, and who was ſaid, by thoſe who wiſhed to pay their court to the old

old lady, to be a very great beauty, and extremely like her grandmama.

The old lady looked at her till ſhe believed this was true; and the more ſhe heard of Eliza's praiſes, the more thoroughly ſhe was convinced. Eliza was a very ſhewy girl, had fine cheſnut-coloured hair, a fair complexion, with a lively colour in her cheeks, large full eyes, and ſhe was beſides tall of her age, and had a great deal of vivacity and ſpirit without much underſtanding. Emma was ſaid to reſemble the family of her father, who was never a favourite of the old lady's, becauſe he was not rich, was addicted to books, and paid no great reſpect to the purſuits or notions of his mother-in-law.

While therefore Eliza went out adorned with ribbands, had her ears bored, and was preſented with many

of thoſe frivolous ornaments which pleaſe feeble-minded women and ill-educated children, Emma, left in a plain-coloured cotton gown at home, and merely recommended to the care of the houſekeeper, was hardly thought of by her grandmother, who by degrees became as fond of the eldeſt ſiſter as nature would allow her to be of any thing but herſelf.

It happened, however, that the houſekeeper was not only a very good woman, but had received a very good education, having been brought up by her father, who was a clergyman, to go out as teacher in a ſchool. Her health would not admit, however, of her engaging in an employment which requires a continual and equal exertion of ſpirits; ſhe gave up, after having twice attempted, the undertaking; and, quietly contented to ſink

ſink all thoſe branches of education now no longer likely to be uſeful, ſhe ſought the place of houſekeeper to a ſingle lady, and obtained that of Mrs. Bedworth. The knowledge ſhe had acquired of the neceſſary care of an houſe, and the quiet and propriety which an even temper and regularity enabled her to eſtabliſh in the family, were ſo uſeful to Mrs. Bedworth, and ſaved her ſo much trouble, that Ann ſoon became a perſon of the utmoſt conſequence to her miſtreſs, who entruſted her with every thing; little ſuſpecting that, under the plainneſs of dreſs and manners, Ann concealed more knowledge than moſt well-educated women, and was not only miſtreſs of her own language (a much rarer qualification than is generally ſuppoſed), but underſtood French, was an excellent accomptant, had read

a great deal, and, what was better than all, had a ſound underſtanding and a good heart.

To her lot it fell to diſcover what Mrs. Bedworth never thought of looking for in Emma, a very good capacity, and a ſweet and mild temper. The latter prevented her murmuring at the preference ſhewn to her ſiſter; the former enabled her to obtain the moſt ſolid advantages from what moſt young perſons would have thought a great misfortune: and while Eliza was dreſſed out of an evening, and taken, when her grandmother was well enough, into every circle ſhe frequented herſelf, and while her mornings were paſſed either in recovering the fatigues of the preceding night, or in picking out a tune on the forte-piano, which ſhe had very little taſte for, Emma learned to read with juſtneſs and

and propriety, wrote a very pretty clear hand, and to ſpell remarkably well. She had alſo begun her French grammar, and could already tranſlate any eaſy ſentence into Engliſh.

But ſhe learned at the ſame time things yet more uſeful. Ann had been taught by her own experience that, to a young woman of very ſmall fortune, every day knowledge was almoſt always more valuable, than ſuch as is merely ornamental; therefore, as ſoon as her little voluntary ſcholar had acquired facility in writing Engliſh, and underſtood the firſt rules of arithmetic, ſhe accuſtomed her to copy the accounts for the week, to know the various articles conſumed in a family, their quality and price, to cut out and make houſehold linen, and to make her own gowns, caps, and other articles of wearing apparel.

Mrs. Bedworth ſaw theſe latter performances with ſome ſort of ſatisfaction, for it ſaved her money; and ſhe even went ſo far as to ſay, "Well, that is neatly done; you are a clever girl, Emma:" while the moſt trifling performance of *Miſs Walters's* was cried up as being the moſt beautiful and elegant thing that ever was ſeen. If ſhe attempted to paint a flower or trace a pattern, it was pronounced to be *charming;* and ſhe began to fancy, not only that ſhe was a great beauty, but a great genius. On Emma ſhe appeared always to look with a ſort of contemptuous pity, till Emma, who, when ſhe was about thirteen, improved very much in her perſon, was taken notice of by the viſitors, and Eliza had the mortification to find, that, notwithſtanding ſhe was not half ſo well dreſſed, ſome of theſe viſitors preferred

preferred this neglected ſiſter to herſelf. This humiliation became ſtill ſeverer, when ſhe obſerved that the ladies, who were reckoned the beſt informed, attended to Emma more than they did to her, and after they had aſked a few queſtions on ſubjects of dreſs and diverſions of her, they always turned to her ſiſter, as if her converſation alone was worthy of being liſtened to by perſons of underſtanding.

Eliza endeavoured now to keep her ſiſter back; in which invidious project her grandmother was willing enough to aſſiſt, on account of the expences of her appearing dreſſed, as the vanity of the old lady deſired, if ſhe came into company. Emma, therefore, was thrown more than ever into the ſociety of Ann; their mutual attachment redoubled, and the grati-

tude

tude of Emma was equalled only by the ſatisfaction her inſtructreſs felt in the power of being uſeful to her.

Time paſſed on; Mrs. Bedworth grew more infirm, and the weakneſs of her intellects increaſed with that of her frame: ſhe, therefore, became gradually more fond of Eliza, and more neglectful of Emma. It was not generally underſtood that her fortune ceaſed with her life; of courſe many people thought that her granddaughters, and particularly the eldeſt, would have handſome fortunes; and, as the greater part of mankind have that object only in view, Eliza, on the joint reputation of her fortune and her beauty, had ſoon a great many lovers.

Some ſhe rejected with diſdain, as being either of too humble a rank, or not rich enough for her. Their merit

was

was what ſhe thought of the leaſt; declaring, that ſhe cared not who it was ſhe married, if he had a good income, could keep her a coach, and give her an houſe in town, where ſhe might ſee a great deal of company, and live in ſuch a courſe of amuſement as ſhe had been taught to think conſtituted the happineſs of life.

At length a man who paſſed for heir to a large Weſt-India eſtate preſented himſelf, and was accepted. He had a ſhewy equipage, was moſt faſhionably accoutered, followed by half a dozen ſervants, and talked on all ſubjects whether he underſtood them or not. Mrs. Bedworth imagined him a perſon of great conſequence; ſhe had never ſeen ſuch an inſtance of modern *daſhing*, and thought it vaſtly fine. Miſs Eliza, though in her heart ſhe could not but acknowledge

acknowledge Mr. Puffington was horribly ugly, yet ſhe was dazzled by his fine carriage and his handſome bays, his account of the marvellous things he did in riding ſo many miles a day, in dancing all night afterwards, and various other feats, which he ſpoke of at great length, while Mrs. Bedworth liſtened in great admiration; and her grand-daughter anticipated the very great ſatisfaction ſhe ſhould have in being poſſeſſed of an houſe in London, and a coach to go every night to ſome place of public amuſement. The clothes for her marriage occupied both her grandmother and herſelf much more than the character of her future huſband; in ſhort, the marriage was celebrated with a great deal of ſplendour, and the bride ſet out with her huſband. Mrs. Bedworth being from her age unable

unable to go with her beloved Eliza, was obliged to be content with the accounts ſhe received of her child's reception among her huſband's friends, the praiſes that were laviſhed on her beauty, and the preſents that were made to her, all which ſhe detailed again to her acquaintance with great ſatisfaction.

Emma, far from regretting the good fortune of her ſiſter, was happy in ſeeing how well ſatisfied her grandmother was, and applied all her attention to pleaſe and oblige her; all her affiduities, however, were received very coldly. Mrs. Bedworth had exhauſted all the little affection of her heart on Eliza; and though ſhe was now out of the queſtion, the attention and reſpect which all her viſitors paid to Emma ſeemed to her an injury done to her favourite.

The

The village where ſhe lived was a few miles diſtant from London, and in it was one of thoſe gardens where all kinds of foreſt trees, ſhrubs, fruit trees, and flowers, are raiſed for ſale. It belonged to a very reſpectable man, whoſe father and grandfather had lived in the ſame place, and followed the ſame buſineſs, and he had brought up his ſon in it, a very well-educated and well-behaved young man.

Emma was now very often alone; her grandmother was frequently ſeized with fits of peeviſhneſs, and would let nobody be in the room with her but Ann. And as poor Emma during the hot evenings of ſummer naturally deſired to walk out, and yet could not go by herſelf beyond the duſty ſtreet of the village, ſhe aſked leave of Mr. Meadows to walk in his nurſery ground, being extremely fond of flowers.

ſlowers. This was readily granted; and as ſhe availed herſelf of the permiſſion as often as ſhe could, old Mr. Meadows was mightily pleaſed with the notice ſhe took of the plants, and he uſed ſometimes to walk with her and tell her the names of them. His ſon now and then joined them, and ſometimes walked with Emma when his father was not there. He obſerved that ſhe ſeemed to have a very ſweet diſpoſition, and to have a taſte for the beauty of natural and ſimple objects, ſuch as plants and ſhrubs; but there was generally a degree of dejection about her, and he inſenſibly became deſirous of knowing what made her unhappy. At laſt ſhe told him, that unfortunately ſhe was an orphan, that her grandmother did not love her, and that, on her death, ſhe ſhould be quite alone in the world, ſince ſhe

never would be dependent on her ſiſter. Young Meadows, who had every day diſcovered more and more perfections in this young woman, determined to offer himſelf as her huſband. His father, far from objecting to it, encouraged his deſign; but he feared the pride of Mrs. Bedworth was ſuch as would occaſion her to refuſe her conſent to a perſon whom ſhe would look upon as a tradeſman. However, as he had a very comfortable fortune beſides his buſineſs, he made his propoſals with Emma's approbation; and the old lady, after giving him to underſtand that Emma was the firſt of her family who ever was the wife of a tradeſman, conſented, and gave her grand-daughter her wedding-clothes, which was all ſhe was to expect from her.

Emma was, however, very happy. She

She loved young Meadows as well from gratitude, as becauſe ſhe really thought him a worthy and eſtimable man. She had a pleaſant apartment ſituated in the midſt of a garden, where there was always a ſucceſſion of the moſt beautiful ſhrubs and flowers; and now ſhe found the uſe of the knowledge ſhe had acquired from Ann, and had great pleaſure in aſſiſting in the management of the houſe for her father-in-law, as well as in keeping his accounts for him. She delighted to be employed; and while her huſband was among his cuſtomers or his workmen, ſhe made it her ſtudy to render his home pleaſant to him, and to receive him on his return with cheerfulneſs. The father and young Meadows perfectly adored her, and redoubled his ſolicitude to become rich to provide for her children. She had

two little boys, which ſhe nurſed herſelf; and who, running about in their father's beautiful garden, ſeemed to grow and flouriſh like the vegetable beauties around them. Every thing, indeed, proſpered about Mr. and Mrs. Meadows, and all their neighbours reſpected them for their excellent conduct.

Eliza, in the mean time, was in a very different ſituation. Her huſband, a giddy thoughtleſs young man, had never poſſeſſed the fortune he pretended to have, and had plunged into all ſorts of diſſipation, till, at length, having ſquandered away in idle profuſion more than he could afford, he went to the gaming table, where he ſometimes won, but oftener loſt. Eliza, who had married him only to enjoy all the indulgences of a large fortune, had not the leaſt notion of,

of, or the leaſt wiſh to practiſe œconomy; ſhe cared not what expence ſhe went to for dreſs, and never could determine to ſtay one day alone, but was always either out, or had company at home, for whom ſhe made the moſt extravagant entertainments. As to her three children, ſhe cared nothing about them, but put them out in the cheapeſt manner to nurſe; in conſequence of which, one died at ſeven months old, and her little girl was, by the careleſſneſs of the mercenary woman that nurſed her, let fall while quite a baby, by which accident ſhe was ſo much injured, that ſhe grew quite crooked, and was afflicted with ſuch dreadful pains, as made her life a burthen to her. Her mother, to whoſe neglect this unfortunate defect was owing, was ſo far from feeling pity and remorſe, that

ſhe could not endure to look on this poor unhappy victim of her cruelty; and when Mr. Puffington's affairs became ſo diſarranged, that, to ſave expence, ſhe was glad to accept her grandmother's offer of taking one of her children, this ill-fated little girl was ſent down thither; but Mrs. Bedworth, perceiving her misfortune, could not bear the ſight of her; ſo that if it had not been for Mrs. Meadows, the poor child would have been as much neglected as ever, for Ann was married long before, and every thing was left to new ſervants, who hated the additional trouble the poor child gave them. Mrs. Meadows, however, kindly took compaſſion on the unfortunate little Betſy, and had her almoſt always with her, taught her to read, and attended to her health, ſo that ſhe ſoon recovered from

from all the effects of former ill uſage and neglect but thoſe that were incurable.

Not quite five years ſufficed for Mr. Puffington to ſee an end to all his fortune, except a ſmall eſtate in Jamaica, which he could not ſell; and it was convenient for him to go thither to eſcape from his creditors here, and to endeavour to make it produce enough to keep his family. Eliza and her ſon knew not what to do, for ſhe had no money to keep an houſe of her own: at length ſhe reſolved, though very reluctantly, to go to her grandmother, who received her kindly at firſt, but having no real and well-founded regard for any one, ſoon began to make her feel the weight of dependence; and her own vanity being mortified by the failure of her favourite's proſperity, ſhe could not help

help giving vent to her peeviſhneſs and ill humour, by reproaching the unfortunate Eliza, who, not uſed to command her temper, anſwered her with ſharpneſs and reſentment, ſo that they lived very miſerably together.

When Emma married Mr. Meadows, her ſiſter Eliza had affected to be mightily diſpleaſed that a tradeſman, a cabbage and carrot merchant, as ſhe was pleaſed to call him, ſhould be ſo nearly related to her. She diſdained to take any notice of Emma after ſhe had made ſo unworthy an alliance, and amuſed herſelf ſometimes among her intimate friends by deſcribing her ſiſter mounted in a market cart, and ſelling her greens about the ſtreets; for ſuch was the light in which ſhe choſe to repreſent the buſineſs Mr. Meadows followed.

Emma

Emma heard of all this, but, when it happened, it gave her no pain; and afterwards, when her ſiſter was ſo ſeverely humbled, ſhe was too generous not to try to forget it. Inſtead of triumphing, as a mean ſpirit and a bad heart would have incited ſome perſons to do, at the fall of her haughty ſiſter, ſhe went to her as ſoon as ſhe knew of her arrival, and treated her with more fondneſs and attention than ſhe did in her flouriſhing fortune. Mrs. Puffington was cruelly mortified at firſt, and was ſullen and reſerved; nor would ſhe accept of any ſervices from her ſiſter Emma, whom ſhe had been ſo much accuſtomed to deſpiſe. By degrees, however, the patience and generous perſeverance of Mrs. Meadows conquered her pride and malignity; and Emma, who would have been too happy had it not been

been for the drawback of her ſiſter's infelicity, employed herſelf inceſſantly in promoting in Eliza a taſte for better things than the frivolous amuſements ſhe had left. Her ſon, unlike his little couſins, the children of Emma, was a poor, pale, peeviſh, and unhealthy boy, who had never been taught any thing; and becauſe he knew not what to do with himſelf, ſince he could no longer have a great many new playthings bought for him, and a black boy to wait upon him, over whom he might tyrannize, he was fretting and crying from morning till night, while his mother was ſo haraſſed by his importunity, that ſhe ſometimes wept too. Emma's boys, on the contrary, were uſed to be up at day-break, and go round the grounds with their father or grandfather; then having breakfaſted, they went to a

ſchool

ſchool for three hours to learn writing and arithmetic, and after dinner had the reſt of their time, either to play, or to cultivate a piece of garden-ground, which their father had given to each of them, and taught them how to manage. The profit of the products of theſe ſpots of ground was entirely their own, and there was a friendly emulation between them who ſhould produce the fineſt ſhrubs and moſt beautiful flowers. Theſe two boys were healthy and robuſt, and gaiety and pleaſure ſeemed always to follow them. At firſt they knew not what to make of their little puny couſin, who often went from them crying to his mother, complaining that they would not be his horſes, or carry him in a king's coach; but by degrees they underſtood the cauſe of his being ſo feeble both in body and mind, and pitied

pitied him; and, from pitying, they began to attempt inſtructing him, till at laſt he learned to be a little more like them, got into better health, and promiſed to be of ſome uſe to his mother, and not an helpleſs burthen, as before was but too probable. Emma took almoſt entirely the management of both her ſiſter's children; and that ſiſter became every day more and more ſenſible of the fallacy of thoſe maxims and ideas which had miſled her in the beginning of her life. Her huſband, who was as worthleſs as ever, died in the Weſt Indies, but not till he had ſpent almoſt all his eſtate. Mrs. Bedworth did not live long after him. She left all ſhe poſſeſſed to Eliza, who with that and the wreck of her huſband's property, which Mr. Meadows aſſiſted her to collect, had a decent competency for herſelf

herſelf and her children, and took a ſmall houſe in the neighbourhood of her ſiſter, where ſhe was always pleaſed to have opportunities of ſaying how much happier Emma had been in the plain yet uſeful education ſhe had received, than ſhe herſelf in being the child of her grandmother's ill-placed vanity; while Emma rejoiced to ſee the triumph of reaſon over pride and prejudice, and felt her own happineſs augmented by the ſhare ſhe had in reſtoring content to her ſiſter.

DIALOGUE IV.

[FANNY, with a Letter in her Hand, runs into the Parlour, where her Aunt and Sisters are at Work.]

Fanny.

OH! sister Mary, I have got such a ridiculous thing to shew you; it will be delightful; I am sure you will laugh for a week.

Mrs. Belmour. Pray, Fanny, may I have no part in your amusement?

Fanny. It is only a piece of scribbled paper, Aunt; and——

Mrs. Belmour. And what then is there so very pleasant in it?

Fanny. There is no harm in it, Aunt; it is only a bit of a letter, I believe.

Mrs.

Mrs. Belmour. And have you any right to read it? Is it yours?

Fanny. N—o—Aunt; but it was the ſpelling I thought ſo comical.

Mrs. Belmour. Comical? What is there comical pray in it? Since you have ſo improperly read it, do you know to whom it belongs?

Fanny. To Patty Jones, I believe, the houſemaid.

Mrs. Belmour. I thought you had known, Fanny Harland, that to read a letter or any paper belonging to another is one of the greateſt breaches of integrity, and one of the moſt unpardonable things a perſon can be guilty of. So you forget all that you have been told on that ſubject, and amuſe yourſelf with the bad ſpelling of poor Patty Jones's correſpondent?

Fanny. Dear, what harm did it do her? I ſhould not have ſaid a word

to her about it, and our juſt laughing a little at the odd words would not have hurt her. See here, Aunt, I am ſure you will hardly be able to help laughing yourſelf. *(She begins to read, ridiculing as ſhe goes the miſ-ſpelt words.)*

" *Dare Siſtur,*

" This *coms* to *lete* you *kno* as mother have *a ben verry hill, bot* is now *beter,* and *taks* it *verry* kind the *half-ginny* you ſent her by *Tommaſs Grom,* which was *verry yuſeful* to *hir* at that *tim, tims* been *verry* hard with us all *jus* now. Mother ſends her *duttyful* love to you, and *hops yure kineſs* to *hir* as not *diſtrees* you. *Jon dos wel* in *is plas,* and mother *hops* he will ſtop; ſo no more at *preſunt* from *dare* ſiſter Martha,

" *Yure lofing* ſiſter *tel deth,*

" KEZIA JONES."

Mrs.

Mrs. Belmour, (looking round on each of the children.)—I am glad to ſee that Fanny only finds any thing to laugh at, and for *her* I own my heart aches. Believe me, Fanny Harland, the perſon educated as you have been, who can find a ſubject for ridicule in this ſimple detail of a poor family, given by one member of it to another, muſt be at once thoughtleſs and wicked. Had *you* been in the ſituation of the poor girl who writes, do you imagine *you* would have written better? I much fear you would not have *acted* ſo well as ſhe, who, out of her ſmall wages, ſends half-a-guinea to her ſick mother. Is the poverty of the humble claſſes of life, poverty to which is owing the ignorance that you find ſo very amuſing, a proper ſubject of mirth? Do you ſuppoſe poor Kezia

Jones, waiting on an infirm mother, has time to look in a dictionary? or was it likely ſhe could learn to ſpell at a village ſchool, where, perhaps, ſhe was taught to read at a penny a week? It is very much to her honour, that, in ſuch a condition of life, ſhe has learned to write at all. Indeed, Fanny, I am very ſorry for you; firſt, for your having read a letter which belongs to another; and ſecondly, for the poorneſs of ſpirit with which you ſeem arrogantly to aſſume a right of ridiculing the ignorance of a perſon, who, if ſhe had been taught as you have been, would probably have known better than to have violated ſuch a principle of rectitude, as that which forbids any perſon to pry into the letters of another. I will take care, however, that ſome benefit ſhall be derived from your folly; for, inſtead

ſtead of the preſent I meant to have made you, together with your ſiſters, on Julius's birth-day, I ſhall now appropriate the half-guinea you would have coſt me to the uſe of Mrs. Jones. For once, therefore, ſome little good may come out of evil; but what, Fanny, ſhall reconcile you to yourſelf?

(Fanny, burſting into tears, quits the room.)

Sophia. Pray, dear, dear Aunt, forgive her. I will go without any thing that you were ſo good as to deſign for me, if you will not puniſh poor Fanny. Let me beg for her?

Mary, in tears.—And I, Aunt, I will, without my birth-day gift, with all my heart, ſend Dame Jones the money, but I beg and pray of you not to puniſh Fanny.

Louiſa

Louiſa (throwing her arms round Mrs. Belmour's neck, and ſobbing.) Little Louiſa prays and begs too, Aunt. Oh, do not be ſo angry with poor Fanny, ſhe did not mean any harm. I cannot play and be happy on Julius's birth-day, if Fanny is ſorrowful.

Sophia. Pray, Aunt, pardon her. She may be thoughtleſs and idle when ſhe is in high ſpirits, but ſhe has not a bad heart.

Mrs. Belmour. Louiſa, my little ſimpleton, ſit on my lap; and you, Mary, dry your eyes. It is fit that Fanny, who has too often been guilty of errors of the ſame ſort, ſhould be made ſenſible of her faults; but I will rather attempt reclaiming her by reaſon than by puniſhment. She will ſubmit to the penance I have inflicted, however, for from that I ſhall not recede,

recede, and ſhe ſhall beg Patty's pardon, and preſent her with the half-guinea. You ſay, Sophy, and I hope and believe it is true, that Fanny has not a bad heart. I do not, however, much love the expreſſion. For I ſee every day people who do all ſorts of wrong things, who ruin themſelves, and make every body miſerable that belongs to them, of whom ſome ſilly advocate or other cries out, "It is true Mr. Fortinbraſs has ſquandered away his fortune, and makes his wife very unhappy. They ſay too, he is very proud, and has an intolerably violent temper; but every body agrees that he has *not a bad* heart. Then there is dear Mrs. Flowerdew; ſhe, it is true, has been talked of for her eccentric conduct; ſhe has taken no trouble about her children, put paſſes all her time in racketting about; yet

I am

I am told ſhe has a very good heart." From ſuch good hearts I hope all my children will be exempt, nor ever learn to fancy that the cant of having a good heart is to paſs as an excuſe for all ſorts of folly. I have ſeldom ſeen a good heart where there was not alſo a good underſtanding. A boy or girl who is told they have this innate quality of goodneſs of heart, never think it neceſſary to reaſon on any thing they ſee, but are hurried away by the weakneſs of their heads, till their hearts, if they ever were good, are corrupted and hardened. It is among that rank of perſons that poor Fanny has been laughing at, where good hearts, uninfected with the fallacious parade of ſentiment, are very often found; of which I met with an inſtance the other day that affected me extremely.

You

You remember what I related to you once, and I believe it is told in one of Madame de Genlis's books, of La Roſiere, at Salency, in France, where, with a marriage portion, a crown of roſes was yearly given to the girl of the village who had the moſt ſuffrages from the elder people, for duty to her parents, and induſtry, prudence, and neatneſs. This little eſtabliſhment was found to be attended with ſuch happy effects, that many other places adopted ſomething like it; and at the village of Beaujoye, on the banks of the Rhone, the Seigneur, or, as we ſhould ſay here, Lord of the Manor, inſtituted a little feſtival of the ſame nature every third year, on the cloſe of the vintage, when the young man of the hamlet under twenty, who had the beſt character for honeſty, ſobriety, induſtry, and

and filial piety, was to receive five hundred livres (or what was at that time equal to about five-and-twenty pounds ſterling), to help to ſet him up as a farmer, or vine dreſſer, and furniſh his cottage, if he choſe to marry and ſettle.

It happened in the year 1783, that Pierre Poiret and Philippe Le Beau, two young peaſants and intimate friends, were both ſo highly reſpected by the old people of the village, that on their meeting to conſult on their reſpective claims to the prize, it ſeemed very difficult to decide to which of them it ſhould be given.—They each were willing to reſign it to the other; and this generous conteſt was on the point of being terminated by a petition from the villagers to their Lord to divide the reward, when, the preceding day, it was neceſſary for Pierre

Pierre to accompany his mother, and Cecile his ſiſter, acroſs the Rhone, on a viſit to an ancient man, the grandfather of Pierre, who was likely to die.—Philippe, who was the lover of Cecile, as well as the friend of Pierre her brother, deſired to accompany them, and to aſſiſt in their little navigation. The Rhone is a river which is particularly dangerous to croſs at ſome ſeaſons of the year. In returning their bark was overſet, and Pierre, in endeavouring to aſſiſt Philippe in ſaving his mother and ſiſter, was drowned.

His friend, at the riſk of his own life, had brought him out of the water. It was too late, and there was reaſon to believe he had ſtruck his head againſt the boat, for all efforts to recover him were vain. The diſtraction of the ſurvivors is not to be de-

ſcribed; ſadly for them aroſe the morning once ſo delightful to every heart in the village, when the tabors called all its inhabitants to the feſtival.—The cottage of Thereſe, the mother of Pierre, which uſed to be adorned with garlands, and the turf ſeats on each ſide the door ſhaded with branches of oak and cheſnut, mingled with feſtoons of vines tied up by the hands of Cecile—this cottage, once the abode of happy poverty and cheerful labour, was now the ſeat of anguiſh and mourning. Its windows were ſhut, and the unhappy inhabitants retired to the back rooms, that they might not hear the joyous proceſſion, in which the ſon and brother, whoſe recent loſs they deplored, was to have been a party. Philippe, heart-ſtruck by the death of his friend, and unable to bear the ſight of the grief in which his family were

were plunged, had hid himſelf in the woods, from whence it was with great difficulty he was forced, to receive the prize deſtined to him by the united voices of the whole village. Inſtead, however, of accepting it in the uſual form, he led the aſſembly to the termination of a mountain, that half clothed with vines, and on its ſteeper acclivities ſhagged with heath and broom, hung over the village. There, near a fountain that guſhed from its rocky boſom, roſe a group of old cypreſs trees. On one of them Philippe had hung, as a memorial of his lamented friend, two oars covered with crape, and within a wreath of weeping willow was inſcribed the name of Pierre, the day of his birth, and the manner of his death.—On approaching this monument of his affection for his friend he threw himſelf on his knees, and

while tears and ſighs prevented his diſtinctly uttering the words he meditated, he laid the prize on this little altar raiſed to Friendſhip; and the garland labelled

"Au plus digne,"

with which his head had been juſt decorated, he placed under the name of his beloved friend, adding,

"Helas! il étoit plus digne que moi."

Nor could he be perſuaded to reſerve any part of the money. He carried it to Thereſe and Cecile; and, after ſome time, found all the conſolation he was capable of receiving in ſupplying, as the huſband of Cecile, the place of the ſon and brother they had loſt.

Sophia. I am ſure thoſe two peaſants

ſants were a great deal more reſpectable than many gentlemen.

Mrs. Belmour. Moſt undoubtedly they were. I am afraid inſtances of friendſhip, in modern life, are indeed very rare; and what is often called friendſhip is a factitious ſort, and means only a convention of policy, or intereſt, or amuſement.

My two peaſant boys of the Lyonnois may ſerve however to ſhew, that there are hearts in the humbleſt ſtations capable of generous and diſintereſted friendſhip.—There too, though no opportunity may ever call them forth, are often virtues, which, if they are chilled by poverty and ignorance in the labourer, are ſtifled by proſperity in the higher ranks of life. We will recollect what the moſt beautiful elegy that ever was written ſays on this ſubject:—

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or waked to ecſtacy the living lyre:

. . . . . .

Some village Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell, guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Sophia. I underſtand who Milton and Cromwell were, but I never quite comprehended what was meant by Hampden.

Mrs. Belmour. John Hampden was the glorious aſſertor of Engliſh liberty, who, when Charles the Firſt attempted to levy a tax, called Ship-money, without the conſent of Parliament, that is, to convert the money appropriated by each county for a ſhip of war

war to his own uſe, reſiſted the encroachment and refuſed to pay it. He died in the cauſe of which he had lived the moſt ſtrenuous aſſertor, for he was ſhot in a ſkirmiſh between the King's forces and thoſe of the Parliament at a place called Chalgrave Field about ten miles from Oxford.

Your queſtion, Sophy, has led me, I know not how, from the faults of poor Fanny to Chalgrave Field. We will now ſeparate. I have ſome houſehold buſineſs to ſettle, and do you go to your ſiſter Fanny. You know my diſpleaſure is never of very long duration, when the offender is ſenſible of her error; ſooth Fanny's mind with aſſurances of my forgiveneſs; take your walk in the garden, and we will meet at dinner as good friends.

DIALOGUE V.

[Mrs. BELMOUR and MARY.]

Mary.

AUNT, I am tired of play; I will come and ſit with you.

Mrs. Belmour. Tired of play, Mary! that is, indeed, quite a new thing.—I hope you have not diſagreed about your amuſements.

Mary. No, *I* have not; but my ſiſter Fanny and the two Miſs Willis's ſeem not to like that Louiſa and I ſhould play with them; they ſay we are too little; and, for my part, I do not care enough about it to cry, as Louiſa

Louiſa does, and like quite as well to ſit with you, Aunt. You will tell me the names of theſe flowers, and if you will lend me your pencil and colours, I will try to draw ſome of them. Here is an honeyſuck, the moſt beautiful I have ſeen in the garden; a briar roſe, a ſweet pea, and a ſmall carnation: they are all too hard for me. Miſs Charlotte Willis did nothing but laugh when I ſhewed her my attempts to draw, and ſaid that it was ſad ſcribbling ſtuff, not better than her little brother's; but ſhe never likes to allow that any of us can do any thing.

Mrs. Belmour. My dear Mary, if you are diſcouraged by ſuch criticiſm as that of Charlotte Willis, you will never do any thing.—Learn, my child, to be above that little paltry envy, which, if you liſten to it, will check every

every attempt at excellence. — I would, by no means, have you vain and above correction; on the contrary, I wiſh to ſee you liſten with good humour to opinions, however rudely given; but be not too ſeriouſly mortified with them: to be too eaſily depreſſed is as bad as to have, while yet a learner, all the confidence of a maſter, and to ſuppoſe, as I believe Charlotte Willis does herſelf, that nobody is equal to her.

But, my dear Mary, ſince you pay me the compliment of coming to ſit with me on a day which, on account of its being the birth-day of Julius, is dedicated to amuſement, I cannot think of denying you the requeſt you make for drawing materials; but tell me if Louiſa, who is, you ſay, as little acceptable to the party in the garden as you are, would not like to be

be with you? Go and ſee, while I look for what you want.

(Mary goes and returns with Louiſa.)

Mrs. Belmour. Well! here you are both. Poor Louiſa! you ſeem more tired than Mary was. What! have you been crying?

Louiſa. Yes, Aunt, a little; for ſiſter Fanny and the two Miſs Willis's, and that couſin of theirs, that ill-natured Miſs Clandon, will not let me play with them; and they are making believe to have an houſe in the ſummer-houſe, and are ſo happy—and I am tired.

Mrs. Belmour. Tired, my dear Louiſa, of doing nothing. — You have remarked to me, that when you did nothing but play all day, that day always ſeemed twice as long as one of thoſe when you are confined for ſome hours to your reading and work;

work; therefore, if you are wearied with play, come ſit with me and Mary; and though you cannot yet manage a pencil yourſelf, you ſhall ſee the progreſs of Mary's ſketch of this little blue flower—and while ſhe does it, I will tell you how this plant is metamorphoſed into ſuch a piece of cambrick as I am hemming.—When you are acquiring any uſeful knowledge, never envy the young ladies who are amuſing themſelves in the ſummer-houſe.

This ſmall blue flower, which ſingly appears of no more conſequence than the ſtellaria, or any of the ſimpleſt plants on our hedge-row banks, is the flax, in Latin *linum*, from whence is derived the word linen, and *linon* or lawn.

Great quantities of it are ſown in many parts of England; ſtill more in Scotland

Scotland and Ireland. When fit to gather, it is taken by the flax-dreſſers, who paſs it through water, and ſtrip the ſlender ſtalks of the rind; then it becomes in a ſtate to ſplit, and again undergoes a proceſs to prepare it for the wheel. Being ſo far manufactured, it is ſpun into thread, more or leſs fine according to the purpoſe it is intended for. The very fineſt is as minute as the ſmalleſt hair, and is appropriated to the lace makers; that is, of courſe, a very fine ſort of which cambric is made, and of which there was a great manufactory at Cambray, in Flanders, from whence it is called cambric: we alſo imitate this delicate manufacture in Scotland, but have not yet brought it to ſuch perfection as it is made in Flanders, and ſome other parts of France.

Having ſuppoſed our little ſimple plant making a part of a piece of fine linen, we will now follow it through another ſtage, and ſee it compoſinga ſheet of writing paper.

For this purpoſe, all ſcraps and remnants of linen are collected by perſons whoſe buſineſs it is, and who give ſo much a pound to ſervants and others who think it worth while to ſave them to ſell. It is then ſorted and ſent to the paper-mill, where, by a proceſs which you find related at length in "Evenings at Home," it is reduced to a ſoft white pulp. It is next, by means of wire frames receiving this paſte and letting the water through, made into ſheets of paper, more or leſs white and fine according to the nicety with which it is made. When we reflect on the infinite advantage this laſt manufacture has been to mankind, and how

how much the ſtate of the world has been improved by the arts of paper-making and printing, our veneration for this little uſeful plant is even greater than that created by the ſervice it does in furniſhing us with linen. I have often thought it ſtrange that the Romans, who, in conſequence of their extenſive conqueſts, became the moſt luxurious people on earth, never diſcovered the art of making linen from flax or hemp, which is a coarſer plant of the ſame kind. Their cloathing, though repreſented as very magnificent, embroidered with purple, and often with gold, was woven only of wool; and in a Dialogue of the Dead written by the celebrated Voltaire, he makes Tullia, the beautiful and the accompliſhed daughter of Cicero, (who was the greateſt orator the world ever ſaw), admire the ſuperior elegance of

the toilet of an Engliſh lady, and ſay, that, with all the luxurious accommodations they had at Rome, they had neither ſtockings nor linen; for which we ſhould think the finery of their ſandals attached with gold cords, or their embroidered veſts faſtened with diamond lockets, made but a poor compenſation.

Bring me "The Botanic Garden" hither, and we will ſee if any mention is made of the plant we are ſpeaking of. Yes; here we find it.

Inventreſs of the wool, fair Lina flings
Her flying ſhuttle thro' the dancing ſtrings;
Inlaid the broider'd weft with flow'ry dyes,
Quick beat the reeds, the pedals fall and riſe;

Slow

Slow from the beam the lengths of warp unwind,
And dance and nod the maſſy weight behind.

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Five ſiſter nymphs, with dewy fingers twine,
The beamy flax, and ſtretch the fibre line;
Quick eddying threads from rapid ſpindles reel,
Or whirl with beating foot the dizzy wheel.

Poetry, however beautiful, and ſtrengthened by appropriate epithets, does not, I think, convey, at leaſt to young people, clear ideas of a manufacture. Indeed it is difficult to do it in proſe, as you remember I could not make even Sophy comprehend how printing was performed, till I took her to a printing-houſe; and I never could myſelf underſtand how that beautiful tapeſtry was made at the Gobelins at Paris, till I paſſed

above two hours among the workmen.

Do you recollect the fine tapeſtry we ſaw at Lord D———'s, and remember how nearly it equalled painting, except that the colours are ſometimes too brilliant and gaudy? It is amuſing enough to follow the progreſs of a lock of wool on the back of a ſheep, till, having undergone the different operations of waſhing, combing, ſpinning, dying, and forming into fine worſted, it compoſes a part of Cleopatra's face, or helps to make out the robe of Cæſar fallen at the foot of Pompey's ſtatue.

Mary. I do not know enough of thoſe ſtories, Aunt. You told me you would buy for me a Roman Hiſtory.

Mrs. Belmour. And I will, when I think you old enough, not to learn ſuch

ſuch things as they are generally learned merely by rote, and as a taſk, which is diſmiſſed from the mind as ſoon as it has been chattered over, without making any impreſſion. At preſent, there are many acquiſitions that are, I think, better fitted to your age, and more likely to give you pleaſure. I wiſh you to learn the names of all the trees, ſhrubs, flowers, and vegetables, which are every day before your eyes, and, without profeſſedly ſtudying botany, to have delight in being acquainted with the indigenous or native plants of the country you live in: I do not mean all that clothe the ground; the trees of the woods, the aquatic plants, or thoſe that grow on rocks, walls, or on the roofs of houſes. It may ſuffice at preſent for you to know the commoneſt

moneſt and moſt obvious. For this purpoſe, I have contrived for you and ſuch of your ſiſters as like to learn it, a ſort of Kalendar of Flora in verſe; I have ſtudied leſs to make the poetry fine than comprehenſible: but you know we agreed the other day that rhyme is a great help to the memory; for, when I wanted to recollect how many days there were in each month, I was forced to go to the old rhyming quatrain of—

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
All the reſt have thirty-one,
Except February alone;

which to be ſure is not poetry, but the facts would not have been ſo eaſily recollected in proſe.

We will, therefore, try the effect of my Floral Kalendar, which I will read

to

to you, and then you ſhall copy it fair.

The Kalendar of FLORA.

I.

Fair riſing from her icy couch,
  Wan herald of the Floral year,
The ſnowdrop marks the ſpring's approach;
  Ere yet the primroſe groups appear,
Or peers the arum from its ſpotted veil,
Or odorous violets ſcent the cold capricious gale.

II.

Then, thickly ſtrewn in woodland bowers,
  Anemonies their ſtars unfold:
Then ſpring the ſorrel's veined flowers;
  And, rich in vegetable gold,
From calyx pale, the freckled cowſlips born,
Receive in jaſper cups the fragrant dews of morn.

Note. For an explanation of theſe plants, ſee the two laſt pages of the volume.

III. Lo!

III.

Lo! the green thorn her ſilver buds
Expands to Maia's genial beam;
Hottonia bluſhes on the floods;
And, where the ſlowly-trickling ſtream,
'Mid graſs and ſpiry ruſhes, ſtealing glides,
Her lovely fringed flowers fair Menyanthus hides.

IV.

In the lone copſe or ſhadowy dale,
Wild cluſter'd knots of harebells blow,
And droops the lily of the vale
O'er vinca's matted leaves below;
The orchis race with varied beauty charm,
And mock the exploring bee, or fly's aërial form.

V.

Wound o'er the hedge-row's oaken boughs,
The woodbine's taſſels float in air,
And, bluſhing, the uncultur'd roſe
Hangs high her beauteous bloſſoms there;
Her fillets there the purple nightſhade weaves,
And pale brionia winds her broad and ſcallop'd leaves.

VI.

To later ſummer's fragrant breath
Clematis' feathery garlands dance;
The hollow fox-glove nods beneath;
While the tall mullein's yellow lance
(Dear to the mealy tribe of evening) towers,
And the weak galium weaves its myriad fairy flowers.

VII.

Sheltering the coot's or wild duck's neſt,
And where the timid halcyon hides,
The willow herb, in crimſon dreſt,
Waves with arundo o'er the tides;
And there the bright nymphæa loves to lave,
Or ſpreads her golden orbs along the dimpling wave.

VIII.

And thou! by pain and ſorrow bleſt,
Papaver! that an opiate dew
Conceal'ſt beneath thy ſcarlet veſt,
Contraſting with cyanus blue;
Autumnal months behold thy gauzy leaves
Bend in the ruſtling gale amid the tawny ſheaves.

IX. From

IX.

From the firſt bud, whoſe venturous head
The winter's lingering tempeſt braves,
To thoſe which, 'mid the foliage dead,
Shrink lateſt to their annual grave,
All are for uſe, for health, for pleaſure given,
All ſpeak in various ways the bounteous hand of Heaven!

DIALOGUE VI.

[Mrs. BELMOUR, SOPHIA, FANNY, MARY, and LOUISIA, employed in different occupations.—LIONEL comes in laughing.]

Mrs. Belmour.

LIONEL, you are very much amuſed, methinks. Pray what have you met with ſo very entertaining?

Lionel. Ha! ha! ha! The moſt ridiculous thing. Ha! ha! ha! I ſhall die with laughing.

Mrs. Belmour. Pray let us partake of your mirth; where is Julius? Is he as much delighted?

Lionel. No—he is ſuch a quiz, that he ſees no fun in it. Ha! ha! ha!

Mary. I am afraid then it is miſchief.

Lionel. Heigh, Miſs Prim! I wonder what buſineſs you have to be afraid.

Sophia. Why you know, Lionel, you are always teaſing ſomebody or other, and call it quizzing them. Now Julius finds no pleaſure in any thing that hurts another perſon.

Lionel. Oh! this did not hurt the old fudge; it only frightened her, and made her jump about a little. I warrant the old girl has not moved thoſe mill-poſts, that ſhe has got by way of legs, ſo nimbly theſe fifty years. Ha! ha! ha! I ſhall never forget it.

Mrs. Belmour. What have you been doing, Lionel? I am afraid you have been perſecuting ſome poor perſon.

Lionel. No, Aunt, it was not I; it was Frederic Findlay, and ſome more

more of them, who—ha! ha! ha!—I cannot tell it without laughing—ſet fire to an old woman.

(Mrs. Belmour. and all the ſiſters exclaiming at once,) Lionel! what can you mean? You really terrify us.

Lionel. Lord, Aunt! it was only frolic; and beſides, it was to try an experiment.

Mrs. Belmour (in great diſpleaſure.) An experiment?

Lionel. Yes, Aunt, and I tell you how it was; it was an experiment with a burning glaſs. You know we heard t'other day about collecting the rays of the ſun by a lens, as the man called it, (who, by the by, was as great a quiz as ever was); and all about how fire, you know, was produced in that way, and ſo on.

Mrs. Belmour. And was all the uſe you made of your knowledge to

do miſchief, and hurt a poor defenceleſs old woman?

Lionel. Lord! Aunt, I tell you it was not I, it was Findlay; and beſides, it did not do her the leaſt harm in the world; it will do her good, indeed; for ſhe ſet up ſuch a yell, and her daughter, and her grand-daughter, and great grand-daughter, and couſins, and aunts, and ſiſters, with all their generation, made ſuch an uproar, that at laſt it got to the ears of Fred's mother; and ſhe has promiſed the old twaddle to buy her a new gown and petticoat, and handkerchief, better than thoſe ſhe had, and beſides gave her a guinea. I am ſure half the old women in the pariſh would conſent to be blown up if ſuch an amends were made them.

Mrs. Belmour. You really terrify and amaze me.

Lionel.

Lionel. Why, Aunt, there's nothing to be terrified at; I will tell you how it was. *(To his ſiſters)* Lord! girls, how you all ſtare at one, as if you would eat one! Why there's no occaſion to look as if London was burnt down; I will tell you how it was: The old woman ſat at the door of one of the poor houſes down yonder upon the common a-knitting. Frederic Findlay had juſt got this burning glaſs that he bought in town; it came down with his trunk, and he was in a great hurry to try ſome experiment with it: ſo firſt he ſinged the back of a pig that lay faſt aſleep in Farmer Batſon's yard, till up jumped the pig and ſet off full ſqueal, thinking to be ſure he was going to be ſinged before he was killed—but he was off as ſoon as his briſtles began to ſmoke. We thought the old lady would not run

quite ſo faſt; for ſome of us talked to her, while Frederic applied his glaſs juſt to her poll, and preſently her handkerchief was in a blaze; but it could not hurt her I will aſſure you; Frederic popped his hand upon the fire, and put it out in a minute; only you would have thought ſhe had been in the middle of a bonfire, ſhe made ſuch a piece of work: I aſſure you, the place that was burnt was not bigger than half-a-crown. I cannot help laughing now, when I think of the faces ſhe made.

Mrs. Belmour. My dear girls, I am at once grieved and glad to ſee by your countenances the way in which you take this. And ſo, Lionel, there is ſo little of manlineſs, of humanity, in your character, that you can find amuſement in an action ſo cruel,

ſo

ſo unworthy, ſo cowardly. Your brother was not with you, you ſay?

Lionel. No; he is never in a humour to have the leaſt fun. He ſaw the pig, and ſaid, that was enough for him, and that if we did not leave off, he would certainly complain of us.

Mrs. Belmour. But you, Sir, proceeded—not only againſt your own ſenſe of what was right, but againſt the remonſtrance of your brother.

Lionel. Why, one might as well be ſhut up at ſchool, as never to have any amuſement.

Mrs. Belmour. And can you find no amuſement but in unmanly cruelty? in inſulting and terrifying a fellow-creature, and aggravating by fear the misfortunes of poverty and old age? Shall I never have the comfort of ſeeing that you have learned to follow the beſt of all maxims and commands

mands—Do unto others as you would they ſhould do unto you?—Put yourſelf for a moment in the place of this poor woman.

Lionel. (laughing.) Lord! I can't fancy myſelf an old woman.

Mrs. Belmour. Let me tell you, Mr. Lionel, you have not the heart of a young man.

Lionel. That I have: I'll fight any boy of our form; aye, or the next above, either.

Mrs. Belmour. And does heart then conſiſt only in brutal courage? in daring to commit outrages and daring to defend them?—No, unfortunate boy! A really manly heart is never cruel. Cowards are cruel; brave men are humane to every thing that lives; and ſome of the baſeſt as well as weakeſt men I know are thoſe who in their infancy were accuſtomed to

acts

acts of barbarity, who ſhewed mean jealouſy and hatred towards their ſiſters, and, as they became older, were diſtinguiſhed at ſchool for nothing but a vulgar gluttony, and at the univerſity, or in the army, for dirty vices.

Lionel, (ſomewhat mortified.) I don't know, Aunt, why you ſhould be ſo very angry; I have told you it was not I that did this, and it was only a boy's trick.

Mrs. Belmour. But you laughed at and encouraged the worthleſs boy that did.—O Lionel! the time will, I am afraid, come, when you will recollect all this with ſorrow—the time when you will have cured all your friends of loving you, as I declare to you you have almoſt contrived to do with me already: and as a proof that I deſire no perſon to remain with me who is devoid of feeling, I ſhall ſend you

you back to your father this evening, and give him my reaſons for doing ſo.

Mary. No, pray, Aunt—I entreat you paſs it over for this once; you know my papa is ſo paſſionate, that he will puniſh him ſo—

Mrs. Belmour. And, indeed, Mary, he deſerves it. How can he who will not ſhew mercy, expect it? Lionel is pleaſed to ſay that he cannot fancy himſelf an old woman. So the hackney coachman or drayman, who ſhocks us by his cruelty to the uſeful and intereſting animal by which he procures his ſubſiſtence, will gravely argue that they are not hurt, when he ſcourges them or bruiſes them.—*He* can as little fancy himſelf an horſe, as this unfortunate boy can ſuppoſe himſelf an old woman.—But is it to ſuch brutalized men, a brother of yours ſhould bear to be compared? Go,

Go, Sir; on the interceſſion of your ſiſters, you ſhall ſtay another day, and I wiſh it was in my power to forgive you. Leave me now—your preſence gives me pain.

Sophia. I hope, Aunt, you will forgive him this boy's trick; boys will be boys.

Mrs. Belmour. That is talking nonſenſe, Sophy; let boys be boys, but never let ſuch cant as that be brought forward to excuſe their not being human creatures. It is gaiety, good humour, innocent playfulneſs, even a little of what is called unluckineſs in boys, that may be more than tolerated; but the moment any degree of cruelty enters into their frolics, depend upon it the boy who imagines and executes it will be a baſe and hateful character.

Louiſa.

Louiſa. My dear Aunt, do you know that I am almoſt ſure this poor woman is old Ruth Pattin! for ſhe is very old, and the boys are always teaſing her; and one day, when I was walking with Mary, ſhe ſcolded ſome of the village boys for calling her an old witch, and crying ſomething about burning her, which I did not underſtand, for it frightened me.

Mrs. Belmour. Poor creature! I know that old perſon well: ſhe is, they ſay, upwards of eighty, and has outlived not only all her children, but her faculties. I will enquire about her, and ſee what amends I can make for the ſhare this idle, thoughtleſs boy of ours has had in this unworthy exploit.

Fanny. I will give her a ſhilling with all my heart.

Sophia.

Sophia. I will give her two, if you will let me.

Mrs. Belmour. And you, Mary?

Mary. All I have I will give her, my dear Aunt: but (*ſighing*) it is not ſo much as my ſiſters. However, I will tell you, Aunt, how I will make it up to her; I will work to help make all her new clothes.

Mrs. Belmour. My dear little girl, let me embrace you for that conſiderate ſort of charity; there are many ways by which one may ſerve the poor without giving them money.—And you, Louiſa?

Louiſa. I will hem her handkerchiefs, Aunt, and the borders of her caps; and I will give her this ſixpence, which Julius ſaved becauſe it was a new one, and gave me for a keepſake.

Mrs. Belmour. Well, having ſettled all this, we will take our evening walk towards the common, when we go out after dinner, and viſit the poor old woman ourſelves.

Sophia. I do not quite underſtand what is meant by witches.—I ſaw people, old men, I believe, that were dreſſed up to look as ugly as poſſible, in the play of Macbeth, but I was neither frightened nor amuſed by them.

Mrs. Belmour. You have read a paper in the Spectator about Moll White, a poor old woman, who was a reputed witch in the ſuppoſed neighbourhood of Sir Roger de Coverly?

Sophia. Yes, but I did not underſtand it much better than the other; I want to know what is meant by a witch?

Mrs.

Mrs. Belmour. A witch is an human being, who is ſuppoſed to have acquired ſupernatural power, by communication with evil ſpirits, and from thence to have obtained the means of tormenting his or her fellow-creatures, for witches were of both ſexes; but a man ſuſpected of this extraordinary commerce was called a ſorcerer, a necromancer, or a magician.—It is difficult to gueſs why an old woman, the moſt helpleſs and generally the moſt feeble of our ſpecies, ſhould have been pitched upon by vulgar apprehenſion as having theſe powers over the elements and over the health and lives of others; but even within the memory of perſons now living, and I think I have heard not above forty years ago, a poor old man and woman were ſeized upon by the miſguided populace at a town in

Hertfordſhire, and ſo ill-uſed under pretence of their being witches, that one, if not both of them, died under the hands of their inhuman perſecutors; for which ſome of thoſe miſguided wretches who perpetrated ſuch cruelty were hanged.—So popular was once this opinion, which to us appears ſuch extreme nonſenſe, that James the Firſt of England, and the ſixth of that name King of Scotland, in whoſe perſon the two crowns were united, thought it worthy of his royal talents to write a book called Baſilicon Doron, which related to witches and apparitions; and as the credulity of the King became of courſe faſhionable among the people, ſeveral acts were made in his reign for the puniſhment of perſons detected of witchcraft.—This folly, like many others, has vaniſhed, as reaſon, by the help of

that

that invaluable machine, the preſs, has diſmiſſed us from the trammels of ſuperſtition and prejudice.—The witch is diſmounted from her broomſtick, and the monk is no longer called from his cell to exorciſe her, or to ſend the unquiet ſpirit into the Red Sea.—I believe it would now be difficult to find a reputed witch even among the fells of the North, or the barren mountains of Scotland, where they lingered laſt. Yet, I remember a ſtory when I was a girl, and uſed to viſit an old relation of mine in Weſtmoreland, about a witch and an haunted houſe too.

Fanny and Mary ſpeaking together.

Oh! pray tell us, my dear Aunt—pray do tell us.

Mrs. Belmour. What ſays Sophy? Would it not be better of a long winter evening?

Sophia. Oh! no; tell us now, or you will perhaps forget it.

Mrs. Belmour. Well then, ſhall I begin a true goſſip's tale with——

You muſt know there was, once upon a time—No—I muſt tell it my own way.

On a wild and dreary tract of country on the borders of Weſtmoreland, called a Wold, which is in ſome places a ſort of hilly heath, in others a black and marſhy moor, there was a ſolitary cottage built by a man who paſſed for a very odd perſon: ſome ſaid he was a madman, others that he had committed a murder, and others ſuppoſed him to be a ſpy—though no place could be ſo ill calculated as that he had choſen for the exerciſe of ſuch a profeſſion.

The peaſantry of the neighbouring country had an extreme dread of him; for

for none knew how he lived, and none had ever been admitted to his cottage, where it was ſuppoſed he reſided by himſelf. There was a wood adjoining to the wold on the ſide next his abode, and through part of it lay the road to a market, at eight miles diſtance: this wood, which had formerly belonged to the large domain of an ancient family now gone to decay, had a very ill name.—An human ſkeleton had been found in it, and ſome of the moſt ſagacious of the neighbouring countrymen had hinted, that theſe remains were thoſe of the perſon whom "the Strange Man" had killed; yet, in the paths of this gloomy wood, and croſſing the wold towards it, late of a night as they returned from market, this myſterious unknown being was often met by the terrified ruſtics. — He paſſed them ſometimes

ſometimes in ſilence, at other times bade them good night in an hollow voice, which they declared was not human. The dread he inſpired was at length ſuch, that many of the people whoſe buſineſs led them that way were uſed to croſs a dangerous ford rather than go through this wood, or venture an evening meeting with "the Strange Man." This continued for ſome years: attempts were made by ſome of the farmers to get a warrant againſt him to take him up; but as he was perfectly inoffenſive, never troubled himſelf with them, and never ſolicited pariſh aſſiſtance, there was no juſtice who would grant it—till at length a weak and arrogant man, who loved to ſhew his power, iſſued one: but juſt as the people who were to ſerve it reached the wold, a ſtorm aroſe ſo violent and unuſual in its effects,

effects, that the conſtable and his followers, convinced of the ſupernatural power of "the Strange Man," fled in diſmay, and thought themſelves fortunate that they were not carried quite away in a whirlwind, which they doubted not he had raiſed by magic to defeat their purpoſe.

The empty and half-ruined Manor Houſe, to which the wood had formerly belonged, was alſo an object of terror to thoſe ſuperſtitious and ignorant people. It had not been inhabited for many years; but a grange or farm-yard adjoining to it was rented by a farmer, whoſe men declared that in thoſe nights of winter, when they had occaſion to ſtay late in theſe buildings about the farm-yard, they ſaw lights gliding about the old houſe, heard unaccountable noiſes—and one even went ſo far as to relate that he

ſaw

ſaw by moon-light a pale and ghaſtly face at one of the windows. The man was frequently ſeen ſtealing about among the ruins of the old buildings, and thoſe who had courage enough to gaze at him, even at a diſtance, obſerved that he became more and more emaciated in his appearance: ſometimes he ſuddenly ruſhed out of the wood, and paſſed acroſs the path before ſome affrighted peaſant. At length that part of the country was almoſt entirely deſerted; the market-people made another way, to avoid the wold and the wood: but ſuch as had, after a time, courage to paſs, declared, that "the Strange Man" was gone.—None now ſaw him, and yet a little ſmoke ſometimes aſcended from the chimney of his cottage.—Some perſons, whoſe curioſity got the better of their fears, took occaſion to peep in at the window,

dow, and ſaid they plainly diſtinguiſhed an old woman of very frightful appearance. An itinerant dealer in fiſh, who travelled that country, was the only perſon that knew who now reſided in the cottage: he carried ſome proviſions thither once a week; but the myſtery he obſerved, and the ſtrange ſtories he invented, as if with a purpoſe to miſlead curioſity, ſerved only to irritate the violent deſire which ſome of the farmer's wives and other goſſips had to find out who the perſon was whom they now choſe to call "the Witch of the Wold."

It happened about this time that an infectious diſtemper broke out in that country among the cattle, and ſeveral of the farmers were entirely ruined.—Inſtead of rationally conſidering the cauſe of this, and of endeavouring to cure it by ſuch remedies as common ſenſe

ſenſe pointed out, they took it into their heads that the poor ſolitary being whom they called "the Witch of the Wold," had brought this calamity upon them; and, without waiting for the interpoſition of juſtice, they aſſembled in a body with pitchforks and ſtaves, and ſurrounded her houſe: ſhe opened the door to them, and they ruſhed in.

They found in this hut, which merely conſiſted of two ground rooms, ſeveral things that confirmed their opinion: there was a mariner's compaſs, a quadrant, and ſome other mathematical inſtruments; — ſeveral books in languages they could make nothing of, and which they therefore concluded treated of the black art.— There were ſome ſhells and dried plants and inſects, which they were ſure were collected as materials for the

ſorcereſs,

ſorcereſs, and the only living animals were two cats; but every thing elſe was mere neceſſary furniture, and not better than that which they themſelves poſſeſſed. The appearance of the old woman, however, would have been enough to have convicted her: ſhe was thin and pale, bent almoſt double, and her countenance, furrowed with wrinkles, expreſſed a ſort of wild melancholy, which her perſecutors believed an evidence of guilt.—The poor creature ſubmitted almoſt without a remonſtrance to their cruel uſage; and to their fierce interrogatories as to what was become of the man who once lived in the cottage? ſhe anſwered, that after having kept his bed many months, he died; and ſhe had, according to his own deſire, buried him on the wold, near their hut.

She was then extremely ill-treated, and almoſt tortured, becauſe ſhe refuſed to tell who he was.—She ſaid that ſhe had ſolemnly ſworn never to reveal it; that they might kill her if they would, but that nothing ſhe could ſuffer ſhould induce her to diſcloſe a ſecret, which to know would be of no uſe to them, while it would be breaking a promiſe ſhe held ſacred.

They accuſed her of having occaſioned all the misfortunes that had lately happened in their neighbourhood.—One woman ſaid, that her poor little Jacky's fits had come upon him the very day after he paſſed over the wold, and that he had then received a ſtroke from an evil eye; another declared that her only cow had grazed one day upon the wold, and had ſickened directly and died; and a third, a labourer, aſſerted, that at the time

time the lightning fired his maſter's hay-ſtack, he had ſeen this very old woman ride through the air on a broomſtick.

Numberleſs other charges were brought againſt her, and they were proceeding to tie her legs and arms and throw her into the river, it being decided that if ſhe ſwam in that ſituation ſhe was certainly a witch: ſo that the poor creature undergoing ſuch a diſcipline had in no caſe a chance for her life; for, if ſhe was thus convicted of witchcraft, ſhe would be tortured to death; if ſhe ſunk, ſhe would inevitably be drowned.

But juſt as this miſled multitude had dragged their unreſiſting victim to the river's brink, a gentleman of the country, as eminent for his intelligence as his humanity, paſſed by; and enquiring what was the occaſion of the

riotous aſſemblage he ſaw, he interfered immediately, and, being equally loved and reſpected, reſcued the poor old victim of popular folly from the hands of her barbarous perſecutors.—His charitable interpoſition, however, came too late: though ſhe was carried immediately to his houſe, put to bed, and carefully attended, ſhe had already ſuffered too much from the rude inhumanity of the mob; and in about three days ſhe died, giving into the hands of her generous protector the key of a drawer in the cottage, where ſhe told him he would find a written account of her unfortunate companion, and of herſelf.—It was only the authority of this gentleman that prevented the villagers from plundering the hut; where, as he had been directed, he found the following paper:

"As

" As this narrative will not be read till the hand that writes it, till the heart that agonizes over it, are mouldering in the duſt, the wretched writer ventures to relate his crimes and his ſufferings; truſting, that his deep and ſincere repentance, as it may have made his peace with Heaven, will mitigate againſt him the indignation of mankind; and that when he is ſheltered in the grave his name may be repeated without abhorrence. Yet, were he not actuated by a latent hope that his ſad ſtory may ſerve as a warning againſt the indulgence of thoſe fatal paſſions which have overwhelmed him with ſhame, diſgrace, and remorſe, he ſhould willingly let the name of the wretch, and the remembrance of the evils he has occaſioned, periſh in oblivion.

"I was the eldeſt of the two ſons of a gentleman of ancient family, and of very conſiderable property, whoſe anceſtors had for ſome centuries inhabited the large manor-houſe of Eddenham, on the borders of Durthwaite Wold, and our family name was taken from that antique reſidence.

"My father, who had loſt all his children by his firſt wife, and who was far advanced in life before my brother and myſelf were born of a ſecond marriage, doted upon us with the moſt extravagant fondneſs, and denied us nothing: to this fatal and ill-judged indulgence I owed my ruin, a ruin which involved in it that of all my family.

"Though I expended, even during my being at College, more than half the income of my father's eſtates, he could not determine to check me in my

my wild career, conſoling himſelf under the greateſt inconveniences with thinking, that I was a young man of ſpirit, to whom ſome extraordinary indulgences were neceſſary, and that when the hey day of youth was over, when I had ſown my wild oats, I ſhould become more regulated in my conduct, and that all would be well. My mother, who, though a good woman, was yet vain and weak, encouraged rather than checked theſe boundleſs indulgences. It was her pride, poor woman! to ſee her ſon, when he was at Eddenham, make as great a figure as the noblemen in the neighbourhood; and ſhe delighted to tell of the exploits I performed in London, and the faſhionable company I kept.

"My brother, though almoſt as much indulged as I was, happened to be of a different diſpoſition. He was fond

fond of books and of retirement, and, at his own desire, took orders at the proper age, my father having purchased for him a very considerable living not far from London. When I was three-and-twenty, I prevailed on my father to let me make the tour of Europe. He consented with reluctance, fearing he should not live to see me again. However, at the end of two years, which I passed on the Continent, I returned, and found him but little changed. My mother too was living, and in good health, and they were both made very happy by the birth of a grandson, my brother having married about eighteen months before; and he was with his wife and child now on a visit at Eddenham.

"I had been in habits of seeing the most beautiful women in Europe, but so lovely a creature as my sister-in-law

law it never was my chance before to behold. I became diſtractedly in love with her, and was not aſhamed of meditating how I ſhould ſteal her from her huſband, though that huſband was my brother.

"At firſt, the magnificent preſents I made her, and my laviſh flattery, were conſidered only as the effect of my general admiration of beauty, and my affection for my brother; but my behaviour was ſuch as ſoon occaſioned that excellent brother great uneaſineſs. He remonſtrated gently with his wife, who treated him with contempt and diſdain, reſented his jealouſy, and profeſſed a determination to act as ſhe pleaſed. My father and mother at laſt began to notice ſomething ſtrange among us. But I had now obtained ſuch an aſcendency over the mind of my ſiſter-in-law, that I cared very little

little for the murmurs or fears of the reſt of my family; and unreſtrained by any ſenſe of honor, religion, or humanity, and in defiance of all the laws both of God and man, I prevailed upon her to elope, and we arrived unpurſued at Naples.

" There I ſoon found, that a beautiful outſide had concealed from me a diſpoſition to every folly that degrades one ſex, and a ſtrong propenſity to indulge in every vice that debaſes the other: but it ill became me to reproach her, of whoſe greateſt fault I had been the occaſion. No man, however, who commits a crime like that I had been guilty of, is long free from the admonitions of conſcience; I endeavoured to drown the remonſtrances of mine in wine, and by gaming and every other diſſipation—but I was ſtill unhappy. Judge then, oh! reader, what

was

was my ſituation, what a miſerable, a deſervedly miſerable wretch I became, when I heard—(the very recollection of my ſenſations ſtill makes my hand tremble) when I heard—that my unhappy brother, unable to bear the loſs of his wife, had periſhed by his own hand! that the infant boy, forſaken by both his parents, lingered a little while, and then followed his father to the grave! and that my poor old parents, reproaching themſelves for having given birth to a monſter like me, had both died within a few days of each other, ſurviving their ſon and grandſon only about a month!

"Heart-ſtruck, I fled with diſguſt and abhorrence from the woman whoſe fatal beauty, and my ungovernable temper, had been the cauſe of theſe horrors. I ſent her a ſum of money, told

told her we muſt never meet again, and beſought her to hide herſelf, her guilt, and her ſorrows, in a convent: —but, inſtead of doing ſo, ſhe abandoned herſelf to ſuch a courſe of life as ſoon deſtroyed her, and her death was added to the hideous catalogue of my crimes.

"Purſued by diſtracting remorſe, which preſented all my murdered family before me, I fled from place to place—but none afforded me any peace. Wretched as I was, I thought a ſeverer penance would alone relieve me. I determined to puniſh myſelf with the view of the ſpot where all my family had periſhed, the victims of my unpardonable wickedneſs. I came then with an old female ſervant, who knew my deplorable ſtory, to the Wold. I ſhould deſervedly have been

been hunted from my own houſe by the people of the country as a wild beaſt. I therefore built a wretched ſhed; and it has for ſome years been my cuſtom to viſit once or twice a day, and ſometimes of a night, the houſe now falling into decay, where, but for me, my family might now have been flouriſhing and happy; where my fond and venerable parents, whoſe grey hairs I ſent in ſorrow to the grave, might have ended their lives in peace and honor among their poſterity; where my brother—oh! dreadful and diſtracting remembrance! my mild-tempered, generous, affectionate brother, was driven by me to deſpair and to ſuicide!—Nightly by the light of the moon and ſtars, as I have traverſed theſe melancholy apartments, his bleeding ghoſt has met me! Yes,

my conſcience has conjured up the moſt frightful ſpectres!—but, with a gloomy and determined reſolution, I have fought rather than avoided them. On the floor yet ſtained with my brother's blood I have lain whole nights, groaning in ſuch anguiſh of heart as guilt alone can inflict. Amid the tempeſts of winter, in wet, in wind, in ſnow, I have proſtrated myſelf on the graves of him, of his child, and my poor fond miſtaken parents. I have prayed to the thunder to ſtrike, to the lightning to blaſt me, in vain—and often have I held to my throat the weapon which ſhould end my miſerable life:—but a powerful hand always ſeemed to check me; a tremendous voice ſeemed to cry, Oh! wretch, live, live, that thou mayſt ſuffer!

"Let thoſe who tremble at a deſcription of my horrible ſufferings, learn early to combat thoſe paſſions which may involve them in guilt and in miſery like mine."

Explanation of the Plants named in the verſes, p. 117, 118, 119, and 120.

Engliſh Names.	*Botanic Names.*
I.	
Snowdrop.	Galanthus.
Primroſe.	Primula vulgaris.
Cuckoo Pint, or Lords and Ladies.	Arum.
Violet.	Viola odorata.
II.	
Wood Anemone.	Anemone nemoroſa.
Wood Sorrel.	Oxalis.
Cowſlip.	Primula veris major.
III.	
White Thorn or May.	Cratægus.
Water Violet.	Hottonia.
Buck Bean or Bog Bean.	Menyanthus.
Harebell.	Hyacynth non ſcriptus.
Lily of the Valley.	Convallaria.
Periwinkle.	Vinca.
Fly and Bee Orchis.	Orchis or Ophrys inſectifera, and Orchis Adrachnites.
	Woodbine.

Engliſh Names.	*Botanic Names.*
IV.	
Woodbine.	Lonicera.
Wild Roſe.	Roſa canina, Dog Roſe.
Dog Roſe and Brier Roſe.	Roſa Eglanteria, Sweet Brier.
V.	
Virgin's Bower, or Traveller's Joy.	Clematis.
Fox Glove.	Digitalis.
Moth Mullein.	Verbaſcum Thapſus.
VI.	
Yellow Lady's Bed-ſtraw.	Galium verum.
VII.	
Willow Herb.	Epilobium hirſutum.
Reed.	Arundo.
White Water-Lily.	Nymphea alba.
Yellow Water-Lily.	Nymphea lutea.
Common Blue Bottle.	Cyanus Segetum.
Common Poppy.	Papaver.

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